THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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THE SEWING MACHINE PREMIUM.

REDUCTION OF $10.00.

A SPLENDID OFFER.

If our readers be not entirely asleep upon this subject of Sewing Machines, we design now to stir them up a little.

While we have sent a number of Sewing Machines to the getters-up of Clubs, that number has been ridiculously small, compared to what it ought to be.

We will now reduce the rates—at least for a time—and see if we can set some thousands of our readers to work, for their advantage and ours.

To every one who will send us a Club of

20 Subscribers and $60.00

or

30 Subscribers and $75.00

we will give one of Wheeler & Wilson's $55 Sewing Machines.

This is a reduction, as it will be seen, of TEN DOLLARS from our previous offers.

The Clubs may be made up either of subscriptions to THE SATURDAY EVENING POST, or to THE LADY'S FRIEND, or to both periodicals.

There is no "humbug," as some appear to think, about this offer. The Machine sent will be the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine which is sold in this city and New York for FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS cash. It will not be a second-hand article; it will be a new and genuine machine, in as perfect order, and precisely like those which you would buy of the agents.

Thousands of our readers—and especially among the ladies—ought to go to work at once, and take advantage of this splendid offer.

Certainly, nearly any one can raise a Club of twenty or thirty subscribers to THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND, when the reward is to be a Sewing Machine worth FIFTY-FIVE DOLLARS!

At least, TRY IT.

The Sewing Machine Premium.

As some very suspicious persons seem still to have doubts relative to the perfect fairness of our offer of a $55 Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine as a Premium for certain clubs,—and, wise in their own conceit, think there must be, in some shape, some "humbug" about it, we beg leave to quote the following letters from individuals who have received the machines in question. Any of these individuals doubtless would answer letters addressed to them on the subject, inclosing a pre-paid envelope, with pleasure:—

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA, Dec. 6, 1865.

Messrs. H. Peterson & Co.:—I beg leave to acknowledge receipt of the Sewing Machine from Messrs. Wheeler & Wilson, the premium for a club of the *Saturday Evening Post* and *Lady's Friend*. The machine is perfect in every respect; it does its work completely, and fully comes up to the description in the advertisement.

Yours truly, W. P. McKELVY.

ST. CLAIRSVILLE, OHIO, Dec. 12th, 1865.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Gentlemen—I am much pleased to write you that I have received my machine. It came on the evening of Thanksgiving. You may be sure I am delighted with it when the agent here, who owns a *silver mounted* machine, declares it a "perfect beauty" and the "finest finished machine in town." As there are near fifty machines in the town, I think this quite a compliment. I certainly will bless the day when I first thought of getting a club for the *Lady's Friend*.

Yours with many thanks, M. C. RYAN.

PRATTSVILLE, NEW YORK, Jan. 1, 1866.

Dear Sirs:—I received the machine last Saturday all safe. Miss M. DISBROW.

WESTFIELD, NEW YORK, Jan. 2, 1866.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Received the machine yesterday; please accept many thanks.

Yours truly, Mrs. N. W. HALL.

GREENVILLE, MERCER CO., PA., Jan. 2, 1866.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Since writing you last week "the machine" has come to hand all right. It suits me very well. Please accept my thanks for it.

Yours very respectfully, ELLA KECK.

NORWICH, NEW YORK, Jan. 13, 1866.

Dear Sirs:—In obedience to your request I acknowledge the receipt of a Wheeler & Wilson's Sewing Machine in safety. So far as I can learn, your magazine gives general satisfaction to the subscribers. I remain yours, &c.,

THOS. H. LEWIS.

MADISON, INDIANA, Jan. 17, 1866.

Gentlemen:—The machine came to hand yesterday, and the party is much pleased with it. Please accept thanks for your prompt attention.

Yours truly, O. A. FITCH.

LANCASTER, OHIO, Jan. 17, 1866.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Gentlemen—The machine came safely to hand on the 13th ult., and I think as far as tested will answer elegantly.

Respectfully, ADA H. KAUFFMAN.

KITTANING, PA., Jan. 22, 1866.

Sirs:—After some delay the Sewing Machine reached me safely and in good order, for which accept my sincere thanks.

Truly yours, PHEBE McMASTER.

RIDER'S MILLS, NEW YORK, Jan. 23, 1866.

Messrs. Deacon & Peterson:—Gentlemen—I have received the Wheeler & Wilson Sewing Machine all in order. Please accept my thanks for your promptness. I need not say that the machine exceeds my expectation, and is the pride of the place. Yours very truly,

MARIA MICKLE.

ALLEGHENY CITY, PENN., Jan. 16, 1866.

Gentlemen:—I received by Adams' Express the Wheeler & Wilson's Machine awarded me as a Premium for getting up a Club. This is the FIFTH machine that I have been enabled, through your liberality, to furnish to different members of my Club, *all of which give entire satisfaction.*

ROBERT ELTON.

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A TALE OF THE BACKWOODS.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY EMERSON BENNETT,

AUTHOR OF "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "CLARA MORELAND," "FORGED WILL," "REFUGEES," "BRIDE OF THE WILDERNESS," ETC.

[Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1866, by Emerson Bennett, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States, in and for the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.]

CHAPTER XX.

THE SAVAGE DECREE.

By the time that Charles Hampton (alias Stephen Rogers, which was his real name, though for convenience we shall still continue to call him by his assumed one) had finished his morning repast, the sun was gilding the tops of the hills, and the Indians were collected together and holding a consultation concerning their next movements.

After the brief skirmish in the vicinity of Higgins' Blockhouse, as rather mentioned than described in a preceding chapter, it will be remembered the Indians made a precipitate retreat. In their flight they had borne off a few dead and several wounded warriors. The Kentuckians had hotly pursued them, but only till dark, which had soon followed. Then by signals, understood among themselves—such as the hooting of owls, the howling of wolves, the bleating of fawns and the gobbling of turkeys—the savages had shortly managed to reunite their whole force. Then they had held a council of war, which had resulted in a division of opinion and a division of number. The majority had been for a bold marauding expedition through the country, and the minority for getting across the Ohio in the shortest possible time. Both parties had been permitted to have their way—the dead having been buried and the wounded consigned to the smaller number. If Hampton had then been consulted and allowed to do as he pleased, he would have gone with the latter and taken Isaline with him; but as Blodget and Methoto had decided to go with the main body, and as the white savage still had the fair captive in his charge and would not lose sight of her, the scheming villain had of course to do the same. Being ambitious to distinguish himself as an Indian warrior, Methoto had taken an active part in the attack upon the first cabin they had come to, leaving poor Isaline to the care of Hampton, who had guarded her to the end of the day's journey—nor had the white savage since said or done anything to show that he intended to reassert his claim to her possession.

Thus matters stood as the Indians now held their council, in which both Blodget and Methoto took part. As it was known to the savages that the whole country was up in arms behind them, they decided to make a long, swift march to the westward, and avoid all stations, settlements and single dwellings, till the cover of another night should enable them to continue their horrid work of murder and pillage with little risk. They had managed to steal some twenty horses, which, not being enough for all, would require them to take turns in riding. Among the savages themselves this matter was easily arranged; but when Hampton brought up the horse he had ridden the preceding night, and was about to have Isaline mount in front of him, he suddenly met with opposition that he was not expecting.

Methoto stalked proudly up, with two of the partially dried scalps attached to his girdle, and, laying his hand upon the bridle rein, exclaimed:

"Me brave—last night much fight—two scalp got—then walk heap. You no brave—no fight—no scalp got—ride heap 'long white squaw. Now me ride 'long white squaw—you walk heap."

For nearly a minute Hampton made no reply; but with his features flushing and paling alternately, and his fingers working convulsively, he sat, with his black, fiery eyes fixed, with the fierceness of a tiger, upon the dull, gray orbs of Methoto, who never quailed or changed expression, but remained entirely passive, with a stolid look of dogged determination, as if patiently waiting for the other to speak or dismount.

At length the scheming villain turned to the decoy, who was standing near, and, in as quiet and steady a tone as he could command, fairly choking down his rage, said:

"Blodget, what is to be done in this case?"

"Well," answered Blodget, with an expression that clearly showed he secretly enjoyed the annoyance of the other, "I don't know anything better than for you to do what he tells you."

"Have I not a right to this horse?"

"Not any more'n you have to the others: they all belong to the party in common, and will till the Indians make a division."

"But the girl is mine certainly!"

"I don't know about that."

"Was it not the agreement before we started that she was to belong to me exclusively?"

"Circumstances alter cases, you know!" returned Blodget, in a tone of provoking coolness. "She was yours at one time; but then, I'm told, she refused to go with you, and sort of gave herself away to Methoto."

"Who told you so?"

Blodget nodded toward the white Indian.

"Oogh!" grunted Methoto, tapping his breast; "her say come me—me take um!"

"But then you gave her up again," said Hampton, his eyes gleaming like a wild beast's and his lips fairly quivering with suppressed passion, "and she rode with me and was under my care nearly all last night."

"Oogh!" grunted Methoto again; "you no fight—no get scalp—you ride 'long white squaw—me walk big heap. Now me ride 'long squaw—you walk big heap."

"That seems to be fair," grinned Blodget.

"Suppose we refer the matter to the Indians!" said Hampton, quietly, seeing that no show of passion or resistance would avail him under the circumstances. "I will ask you, as a gentleman and fellow countryman, friend Blodget, to state the matter fairly and impartially to these brave warriors, and assure them that the girl now prefers to go with me; and that as soon as we get to their towns, I intend to make them all handsome presents, in return for their kindness to us. Even you, too, Methoto!" he added, in a conciliating tone, turning to the sullen, dogged fellow, who still kept his grasp on the rein, and his cold gray eyes fixed immovably upon him; "you shall have a handsome present too!"

"Me no want present—want squaw—want hoss!" sullenly growled Methoto.

"You want the devil's brimstone, and I may put you in the way to get it one of these days!" thought Hampton, though he did not venture to say so aloud.

"If I'm to tell the Indians the girl prefers to go with you, I've got to have it from her own lips first!" said Blodget.

"Speak then, Isaline," said Hampton, addressing the poor, half-distracted girl, "and say it is your wish to go with me."

Isaline, pale as a ghost, was standing against the old tree, with the untasted food still in her hand, trembling, weak in body and sick at heart. Thus appealed to, she roused herself, as if with a painful effort, and, glancing around, saw many eyes fixed upon her, Methoto's among the number. She would gladly have shrunk away, even out of existence, so that she might forever have been rid of her tormentors; but as this could not be, she said, in a faint, despairing tone:

"Of the two, it is my wish to go with Mr. Hampton."

It was her wish to go with neither—for Hampton had proved himself to be a sort of refined, black-hearted villain, and Methoto was a coarse, brutal, unfeeling savage—but education, society and acquaintanceship, had brought the former nearer to an equality with her than the latter; and besides, she remembered that the treatment of the one had in the main been far more gentle and considerate than that of the other.

Little did she dream, however, of the manner in which her words would be received by the white Indian, or she would have permitted the matter to be settled by others, without herself expressing any choice—for scarcely had she spoken, when Methoto, with a fierce gleam of rage, strode up, and seizing her roughly by the arm, brutally jerked her forward a few feet, and said, in a gruff tone:

"No go him—go me—you mine!"

Isaline uttered a despairing cry of pain and fear.

"Kill me! kill me at once, and put me out of my misery!" she exclaimed.

At that moment the forest again resounded with the same wild, prolonged, quavering shriek; and Methoto, turning somewhat pale, suddenly relinquished his hold of Isaline and stepped back two or three paces, and the superstitious Indians glanced quickly around them, with looks expressive of awe.

What might have ensued, but for this mysterious interruption—what desperate thing Charles Hampton might have attempted—we will not pretend to say; but certain it is, that when Methoto laid violent hands upon Isaline, he turned deathly pale, quivered all over with passion, impulsively drew his knife, leaped from his horse, and now stood as one suddenly arrested by some startling occurrence.

For the space of half a minute there was a deep and almost breathless silence; and then Hampton said, in a clear, ringing tone, addressing Blodget:

"I claim that girl as mine, according to the compact between us! and you see the Devil so wills it!"

"It looks that way, by ——!" returned the other, with a supporting oath, and a shuddering shrug of the shoulders. "There's something about—the Lord knows what—that I don't care to quarrel with, and I'd advise Methoto not to do it either!"

"Let the Indians decide the point!" said Hampton; "you have heard the girl express her own wish in the matter."

Blodget now addressed a few words to the Indians; and Methoto, fixing his eyes on him, and folding his arms across his breast, listened in sullen, dogged silence. When the former had done, the latter quietly advanced, and made a brief speech and held up his two scalps. Then the warriors, after a brief consultation, gave their decision. It was that neither Hampton nor Methoto should have charge of Isaline for the present, but that she should be taken along as a general prisoner, and that whichever of the white men could show the most scalps by the time they were ready to cross the Ohio, should have sole right to her ever after.

"And this is the decision of the warriors, is it?" said Hampton, in reply to the announcement of Blodget, suppressing his anger as much as possible.

"Such is their decision, sir!"

"Very well then, as I have no choice in the matter, it is hardly worth while for me to waste any more words on the subject!" returned Hampton, turning coldly away.

"Serves you right," muttered Blodget to himself, offended at the manner of the other, "for wanting the best prize without doing anything for it! Well, as I've now got an equal chance with the pair of them, I'll just try what I can do to secure the girl, for she's a mighty pretty piece and will suit me exactly!"

Thus it will be seen that poor Isaline was prospectively decreed to the bloodiest wretch of them all—her possession to be the reward for excelling in murder and mutilation!

Having settled this matter, the Indians now hurried away from their present camp, one of the mounted savages taking poor Isaline up in front of him. They took a westward course through the wilderness, avoiding, according to previous arrangement, all settlements and settlers, continued their journey all day, crossed several creeks and small streams, and, just before sunset, reached a wild, gloomy place on the right bank of the Kentucky river, where they again encamped, feeling pretty sure they had now left their armed foes far behind them. Here they picketed their stolen horses, in a little valley where there was plenty of good grazing, and then kindled a fire and prepared their evening meal, which consisted principally of fresh meat.

In the course of the day Isaline had managed to eat what Hampton had given her in the morning, and she now took what the savages offered her and put it away against a time of need, having no further desire for food at the moment. She was dispirited and gloomy, for the present was full of misery and the future looked darker still. She had not exchanged a word with a single soul since morning, and it was some little relief when Hampton now came to her and kindly inquired about her health.

"Unfortunately I am living still!" was her melancholy reply; "though I am constantly praying for death!"

For a few moments Hampton stood and looked at her in such a position that the fire-light shone full upon his face, and Isaline observed that he was very pale and had a troubled expression.

"I did not have the pleasure of caring for you to-day!" he at length said, in a low, guarded tone.

"I suppose the Indians would not permit it!" she rejoined.

"All owing to that devil Methoto!" he answered, glancing furtively around, to be sure that neither of the white men were within hearing. "Ah, Isaline," he continued, in a reproachful tone, "it was a sad thing for both of us when you withdrew yourself from my protection and placed yourself in his hands!"

"You compelled me to it by your passionate violence!" she returned, with some spirit. "It was a wicked, cruel and cowardly act for you to strike a bound and helpless prisoner! and then, because I sympathized with him, who had been my kind protector and friend, to attempt to drag me away from him by brute force! Had a fiend been there, I would have sought refuge in his arms to escape from you!"

"I know I was in the wrong," he penitently answered, "but at the moment I was beside myself with rage. Will you not forgive me, Isaline?"

She did not answer till he repeated the question in a low, sad tone.

"If I can see any evidence in the future that you have really repented of all your wicked deeds, I will pray God to forgive you!" was her somewhat evasive reply.

"You shall see it, Isaline, if we both live and remain together! for I *have* repented, and shall atone for them by every means in my power! Do you know what the Indians decided on in the morning?"

"No, I did not understand what was said."

"You have been withdrawn from my protection, and are now held at the awful price of blood!"

"What do you mean?"

"They have decided that whichever of us three, (Blodget, Methoto or myself,) shall produce the most white scalps by the time they are ready to cross the Ohio, shall have you for his reward."

"Oh, merciful God! am I indeed to be bartered for blood?" cried Isaline, with a wild, startled look.

"Hist! not so loud, dear lady!"

"Rather than be the cause of such horrible work, I will destroy myself!" said Isaline, in a low, determined tone; "for far better that I should perish and be out of my misery than that the innocent should be butchered on my account!"

"Far better than either that you should escape from these ravages with me!" observed Hampton, in a low, hurried tone.

"Escape? how? is there any way?" said Isaline, quickly, catching her breath.

"Yes, yes, dear girl! keep up your spirits and hope! I have a plan—I will tell you more soon. "There! hist! I see Blodget and Methoto sauntering this way; and I will retire, lest they become suspicious!"

It was known to some of the Indians, who had recently been in this region, that there was a small settlement, about three or four miles above where they now were, which was not very strongly fortified, if at all; and scattered around, through that section of the country, were several isolated farm-houses also; and it was their present design to attack these, not far from midnight, expecting an easy conquest and much plunder as their reward. Their horses they intended to leave where they were, that they might be in a proper condition for a long journey on the following day, and a few of their number were to remain and guard their camp. They soon began their preparations for this night expedition; and as all were eager to go, the guard to be left behind, five in number, was selected by lot.

It was perhaps a couple of hours after his first interview with Isaline that evening, that Hampton again approached her, in a careless, indifferent manner, as if with no design. She was reclining under a tree, a little apart from the others; and passing around behind it, he stopped, with his back toward her, as if looking off into the forest.

"I am now ready to speak with you again, my dear, sweet friend!" he said, in a low, guarded tone, barely audible to her listening ear; "and be very, very careful that no one hears your voice, or detects anything in your manner to excite suspicion that we are holding a secret conversation!"

"Go on!" replied Isaline, without changing her position, and keeping her eyes fixed upon the nearest group of Indians.

"Will you escape with me if I show you an opportunity?" was the question of the other.

"Whither will you take me?"

"Why ask? Will not anywhere be better than here?"

"It can hardly be worse!" returned Isaline.

"Then I pray you use no unnecessary words, for the present moments are important!"

"I will escape, if you show me a way!" replied Isaline, feeling she had nothing to lose in the attempt.

"Listen then! The Indians, all except five, will soon set off on an expedition against some settlers above here, to re-enact if possible the horrid deeds of last night. I shall start with them, apparently as eager for the murderous work as any. I will watch my chance and slip off from them, and come back to within a hundred yards of you, in a line directly behind you as you now recline. There I will imitate the hooting of an owl. As soon as you hear the signal, therefore, you will know I am waiting for you and where. Then, if you can possibly steal off unperceived, do so; but if, after repeating the signal twice, with the lapse of half an hour between, you do not come to me, I shall endeavor to create a disturbance among the horses, in order to draw off the guard in that direction, which will surely give you a chance to escape. In any event you must take the same course, and be careful not to go too far; and if you do not readily find me, wait in some thicket till you again hear the signal. Is everything now understood?"

"As well perhaps as it can be!" answered Isaline.

"Then I will say no more for the present!" rejoined Hampton; and he quietly sauntered off, as if in a musing mood.

In the course of another hour the three white men, and all the Indians except five, struck off through the forest in single file. The guard that remained seemed to take but little notice of Isaline, and sat down together, around where the fire had been kindled—but which had long since burned itself out—and fell into familiar conversation, chatting and laughing and seeming in the best of spirits.

Nearly an hour had passed away in this manner, and Isaline was watching her foes as well as she could in the darkness, and tremblingly listening for the signal, when at last the sound came borne to her ears from the direction she expected it. It was either the real cry of the night-bird, or so good an imitation that the savages detected no difference, for they took no notice of it. It continued for some two or three minutes and then stopped; and Isaline now became greatly agitated, feeling as if life and liberty might depend upon the next few minutes; for if she could escape, even with the villain Hampton, she reasoned he would be compelled to take her among the whites, after having deserted the savages; and once again under the protection of the rough borderers, she might find the getting home to her father a comparatively easy matter.

Everything now seemed favorable—for the Indian guard was several yards in front of her, engaged with matters of their own—and as all around was dark, and she could slip off unperceived, she might not be missed for a considerable time. So she said a short prayer, asking guidance and protection of her Heavenly Father; and then arose, turned her sad, sweet face toward the point from which the signal had come, and glided away through the wood as noiselessly as a spirit.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE DOUBLE ESCAPE.

While Isaline Holcombe was yet carefully feeling her way through the thick undergrowth, a short distance from the spot where the Indian guard supposed her to be still, she was both startled and reassured at hearing her name pronounced in a whisper.

"I am here!" she answered, in the same cautious manner, at once stopping and holding her breath.

"Come forward, dear lady, and be saved!" were the next words that fell upon her ear.

Isaline again moved cautiously forward a few steps, found herself passing out of a clump of bushes into a more open wood, and dimly perceived a shadowy figure gliding up to her.

"Thank fortune, Isaline," again whispered Hampton, "we are both now beyond the reach of our foes—for from this time forth I shall count all your enemies mine!"

"But we have not yet escaped from the dreadful savages!" returned Isaline, with a shudder. "Even now the Indian guard is within hearing, and may discover my flight and pursue me at any moment."

"We have the night to conceal us."

"But the day will soon follow, and my past experience is a proof that it is next to impossible to escape with such blood-hounds on my trail!"

"We must certainly make the best use of our time!" returned Hampton. "Here, give me your hand! There! now follow me, and be careful to make no sound to betray us!"

For some minutes they moved forward together in silence; and then Isaline found herself in a wild, gloomy locality, with a few trees and bushes here and there, and gigantic rocks lifting their craggy heads far above her in the solemn night, and the plash of water sounding dismally in her ear.

"Do you know in what part of the country we are?" she whispered.

"I have understood from Blodget, that this is the Kentucky river," answered Hampton, "and that is really all I do know about it, being a stranger in this region as well as yourself."

"And whither do you propose to conduct me?"

"Just at present my sole object is to escape from the Indians, and then I will let circumstances determine my course."

"But you will take me home to my father?" anxiously inquired Isaline; "or at least put me in a way to get there?"

"If I possibly can!" answered Hampton.

He should have said, if he could not possibly avoid it, for the other was the farthest result from his intentions. He had persuaded her to leave the savages and escape with him, from a purely selfish motive—for matters had taken such a turn, that he knew he would be compelled to see her given over to another if he remained, and thus his whole dark scheme would be brought to naught. If he could manage to get her away by himself, he had some dim idea that he could either persuade her to marry him in the country, or eventually get her through the wilderness to Canada. Beyond this he had no settled purpose, but had taken the step in a moment of desperation, trusting that fortune would eventually work out matters to his advantage.

As the Indians had gone up the river, Hampton now turned down; and for a couple of hours he led Isaline forward, in and out among the rocks and beneath high, precipitous bluffs, till at last they came to a place where the water flowed along over a stony margin, close under an overhanging cliff. To continue on any further in this direction, without first going back some distance and ascending the steep, high bank, they would have to either wade through the water, which was not deep, or pick their way along on the top of the stones which here and there lifted their dark heads above it. Hampton explained this to Isaline, with the remark:

"If we go back, we shall lose a good deal of valuable time, besides the chance of breaking our trail, as we may do here if we continue on."

"But can we continue on without risk of life?" anxiously inquired Isaline; "and are you sure that we shall not meet some obstruction in this direction that will compel us to turn back at last?"

"I am not *sure* of anything!" gloomily answered Hampton; "but it seems to me that we ought to make the trial here and trust something to luck!"

"Rather say Providence!"

"Providence then, if you like the term better!"

"Providence is God," rejoined Isaline, solemnly, "Who is working out His own ends with us, as with all His creatures, in His own inscrutable way!"

"As you will!" said Hampton, rather coldly: "I am in no mood just now for a religious discussion. Well, shall we go forward and make the trial?"

"If you think best."

"Give me your hand then and follow me carefully."

Hampton now advanced slowly, leading Isaline, and cautiously stepping from one stone to another, holding his rifle in his disengaged hand, and occasionally using it to keep his balance. In this manner they slowly picked their way forward for some quarter of a mile, with the water gurgling and plashing along at their feet, when they came to a point where their further progress was barred by a huge rock jutting sharply out into the river. Both looked up in dismay at the dark object, which stretched up gloomily for a hundred feet above them, and Hampton angrily gave utterance to a wicked oath.

"Here you see what your Providence has led us to!" was his impious complaint.

"Rather say what your own wickedness has led us to!" sharply reproved Isaline, on whose refined, religious nature his irreverent language grated most harshly. "Look back, Charles Hampton, on your late course of life, and say if you can that you have deserved anything better!"

"But you, with all your nice, pretty piety, have deserved something better, have you not?" he retorted, with an angry sneer; "and it appears to be as bad for you as for me just now."

"It is not for me to say that I have deserved anything better," returned Isaline; "but this I know, that, notwithstanding all that has happened, I am as ready now to put my trust in Providence as at any period of my life. I may lose my life by the wicked machinations of those around me," she solemnly continued, "but I know there is a life beyond, 'where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest,' and at least I will try to so live here as to be prepared for an eternal existence there!"

"Well," rejoined Hampton, "you can please yourself with what fancies you choose, but I'm not agoing to trouble myself about any life but this—because, to tell the truth, I don't believe in any other. If there is any Providence that has led us in to this fix, I should like to see it get us out—and then, and just to that extent, I will believe in it. If Providence cares for you, who have so much faith in it, let it direct you now to escape from the savage crew that will sooner or later be howling after you!"

"Charles Hampton, do you believe in a God at all?" asked Isaline, looking full into his troubled face, by the dim light of the stars, as she stood there, in that wild, gloomy place, with the huge rocks frowning above her head and the dark river rolling sullenly along at her feet.

"No matter what I believe in!" he angrily replied; "this is no time for catechising! I have heard there is a God; but it is something I never troubled myself about, and don't intend to at present. I know we have got ourselves into difficulty here; and how to get out of it, in the best manner, is what most concerns me now. We have either got to go back, or scale this cliff; and we have got to do something —— quick, or we may soon find ourselves caught by the infernal Indians, who, considering that we have been running away from them, will not be likely to treat either of us in the most gentle manner. A —— pretty fix I am in," he continued, with a kind of savage bitterness, "with every man's hand against me, like a cursed Ishmaelite, and all because of my wild, mad love for you, who probably now regard me with abhorrence! If I fall into the hands of the borderers, they will doubtless murder me for going over to the Indians; and if the savages catch me, they may torture me for running back to the whites; and yet, Isaline Holcombe, I did both for your sake and yours alone—did both that I might save you!"

"At all events," said Isaline, with a touch of compassion—for she, it must be borne in mind, knew nothing of the real secret which influenced his actions, and had reason to suppose them the unfortunate result of the passion he professed—"you are to be pitied; and if you will now conduct me into the hands of my friends, I promise you my own forgiveness for the wrong done to me, and will do all in my power to save you from punishment of any kind."

"Well," sneered the other, "it is something, certainly, to know that the girl you have distractedly loved and sacrificed everything for, can afford you a little pity and even forgiveness for what you have foolishly done, and that she will do her best not to have you punished for it! Really, my gratitude is most profound! and if I do not at once kneel and pour out my thanks in the most humble manner, it must be attributed, not to a lack of desire, but to the fact that the rushing water here below me makes it so difficult and unpleasant to perform!"

"You are very unreasonable!" returned Isaline. "I did but speak in accordance with your own assertion, and now you seem disposed to quarrel with me for it!"

"Well, perhaps I am unreasonable," said Hampton, after a moment's reflection, "for I am a harrassed and disappointed man. Let it pass! and let us give our whole consideration to our disagreeable predicament here! Must we go back, and lose so much valuable time? to say nothing of returning toward the jaws of danger! Can we not scale this cliff in some way?"

"Impossible, I think, and certainly dangerous!" said Isaline.

"Stay you here a minute till I examine it!" he rejoined.

As he spoke, he moved back a few feet, close up to the base of the huge rock; and then, to the astonishment of Isaline, he suddenly disappeared from her view, as if he had vanished into thin air. She waited two or three minutes, wondering at the mystery, and then pronounced his name. No answer. She repeated it in a louder tone. Still no answer. A chilly feeling of alarm, deepened by awe, began to steal over her. What did it, what could it, mean? Had he sunk into the water? or fallen into a pit? While she yet stood looking, thrilled by a strange kind of fear, she was more than ever mystified and startled at seeing something like a spark of fire move slowly about, as if in the centre of the huge black rock. Soon it disappeared, and all was dark again. Isaline began to tremble, but kept her eyes riveted on the same place, with a weird-like fascination. More minutes went by, and she still stood there, growing cold and marble-like. Then the spark of fire reappeared, and seemed to be coming toward her from the depth of the rock. She would have turned and fled now, but she had no power. She felt herself spell-bound by the mystery. The next minute, however, she experienced a thrill of relief at hearing her name pronounced by the voice of Hampton; and immediately after his form appeared, coming out of the darkness.

"I must confess," he said, "your Providence has done more for us than I expected! I have discovered a cave here, that for the present may afford us the security we are seeking. I struck a light, and explored it for some distance; and would have gone further, only that I did not care to burn up my pine splints, and was afraid you would become alarmed at my absence."

This explained the whole mystery to Isaline, who drew a long breath of relief, though the sudden reaction left her weak and trembling.

"But what advantage will this cave be to us?" she asked.

"I think we had better conceal ourselves in it while there may be any danger of pursuit from the Indians!" he replied.

"But may they not trace us to this place?"

"If they were to make the attempt and take time enough, unquestionably they could do so," answered Hampton; "but you must bear in mind, my dear girl, that their motive for recapture is not a very strong one—that they are in an enemy's country—and that they know there is already an avenging force of Kentuckians on their trail. They may follow on our trail in the morning; but the moment they find any difficulty in tracing us—as I think they will, if they come to the point where we passed under this cliff—it is my opinion they will abandon the search, and push on to save themselves."

"Similar calculations of safety were made when I was pursued before," rejoined Isaline, "and yet they only served to prolong the time of capture."

"Yes, but how different the circumstances!" returned Hampton. "In that case the pursuers felt in no danger of being pursued; and, more than that, I myself was with them, urging them on whenever their zeal began to slacken. Had it not been for me, I think they would have abandoned the chase with the close of the first day."

"And yet," rejoined Isaline, in a sharp, angry tone, "you have had the assurance to stand up before me, and seek my approval, sympathy and gratitude, for having got yourself into difficulty in trying to *save* me! In trying to save me from *what*, in Heaven's name? From the hands of my friends, to put me into the hands of my enemies?"

"Oh, now you are trying to see every thing in a distorted light!" muttered Hampton. "But I'm not agoing to argue the matter with you! If you don't choose to understand it, as I have explained it, then think what you like, and make the most of it! Whenever you are ready, I will conduct you into the cave, and do what I can to guard you from danger!"

"I am ready now!" returned Isaline.

Hampton gave her his hand, and led her forward in silence. The mouth of the cave was narrow, and scarcely higher than their heads; and Isaline shuddered as she passed through it, with such a conductor, into the awful darkness beyond. A man without principle, or belief in a God, or a Hereafter—what assurance could she have against violence at his hands?"

"From what little I saw of this cavern, I think it is large, and extends far back," he said; "but we will not attempt to explore it now. Here, it is my opinion, we had better pass the night, and, if possible, I want you to get some sleep. Fortunately I have a blanket with me—having first hid it in the wood, before I set off with the Indians, and recovered it after my return—and if you will wrap yourself up in it and lie down here, I will keep guard over you till morning."

In how many ways did this present flight from the Indians remind Isaline of the other! and yet in one respect how vastly different! The form that was a pleasure to her sight, the voice that was a melody in her soul, the great, brave, true noble heart, beating only for her, were wanting, and had no resemblance in the form here that would stand between her and danger, the voice here that could speak tender words, or the heart here that professed its love. With Henry Colburn it would be happiness for her to share danger—with Charles Hampton it would be misery for her to share safety.

To the proposition of Hampton, that she should lie down and endeavor to get some sleep, Isaline offered no objection—for as well sleep, she thought, as remain awake—better, in fact, if she could refresh nature and get rid of some painful hours. So she felt out a suitable place on the rocky floor of the cavern, and was soon at rest in body and oblivious to the troubles that had so oppressed her.

When Isaline next awoke, it was not only broad daylight, but she could see the sun shining low down on the rocks on the opposite side of the river, showing that nearly half of the morning had passed away. She looked around, and perceived her companion and guard stretched out asleep, a few feet from her, with his face resting on his arms and his rifle by his side. She spoke to him, but he did not hear her; and not particularly caring to disturb him, she arose and went to the water, which came up to the very mouth of the cave, and washed her face and hands and smoothed out her hair.

Then the idea suddenly came into her mind to escape from Hampton. Why not? There seemed to be a good opportunity, and she somehow felt she had nearly as much to fear from him as from a savage. He might be less brutal, but more wicked. She looked around at him. He had not moved, and was still asleep. In an instant her mind was settled. She would make the trial, and trust to that Providence at which he was so disposed to sneer.

At first she thought of hiding herself in the cavern. She could see it was large, with different passages extending far back into the darkness, with niches and angles and secret places in every direction; but if she were to conceal herself there, might it not be difficult for her to get out without being discovered? to say nothing of the danger of becoming so bewildered among the many turnings as not to be able to find her way to the entrance again! Why not fly at once through the shallow water, along the base of the cliff, back to some point where she could clamber up the high, steep bank and gain the forest? Suppose Hampton were to follow and overtake her? she would only be his prisoner again as now; but then suppose she could reach the wood without being discovered, what little chance would one of his limited experience in wilderness life have of pursuing her trail with the rapid certainty necessary to a capture? What he had said of the Indians was probably correct, and there might be little to be feared from them, and possibly quite as much where she was as there would be elsewhere. But then again, supposing herself secured against pursuit, might she not get lost in the forest, and be unable to find her way to any habitation, and either starve to death or be destroyed by some wild beast? Yet why think more and calculate on unknown chances? There was danger here, there, everywhere, with God over all; and why not put her trust in Him and rush blindly forward? certain only that she must be justified in seeking to free herself from the clutches of villains and barbarians and preserve her own life.

All these thoughts, that have taken so much space to record, were but as one thought with Isaline—flashing through her brain in an instant—and almost the next moment she was acting on her resolution, and was leaving the cave in the manner she had approached it, by stepping from one stone to another. This she continued to do for some time; and then dropped down into the water, which was barely a foot in depth near the shore, and went splashing forward, in breathless haste, every moment or two glancing back to see if she were pursued.

Having reached the point where she could leave the water, she was still obliged to keep along the base of a high, rocky bluff, for a distance of half a mile, before she could find a slope that would permit her to climb to the wood above; and then she had to creep up slowly, holding on to bushes, and occasionally pulling herself up short, perpendicular ascents. In this way she finally gained the top, panting and trembling, and there sat down, to get her breath and a few minutes' rest. With an appetite rendered keen by long fasting and exercise, she now ate, with sufficient relish, the food she had reserved for a time of need, and then found her hunger in a great measure appeased and herself much strengthened for the work before her.

The scene about her was grand, picturesque and beautiful—with the rocky bluffs, the hills, the dales, the woods, the glades, and the dark blue river winding round among them all—but Isaline had no time and thought for anything beyond her own condition. Here she was now, a poor, unprotected girl, alone in the great, almost pathless, wilderness, seeking to escape from dusky savages and white villains, exposed to the perils from wild beasts and serpents and the danger of starvation; and this was enough for all the thoughts of her poor throbbing brain. After a short rest, and an earnest prayer for protection and deliverance, she started up to resume her flight.

"The right way, O Heavenly Father!" she again prayed; "let my trembling steps be directed in the right way! that I may now be saved, and not again fall into the hands of my enemies!"

At that moment she heard, or fancied she heard, her name called by a distant voice—the voice, as she believed, of Charles Hampton—and she trembled in every limb.

"He must not find me!" she thought; "I must not fall into the hands of that dark, wicked man again!" and she started and ran forward into the thick wood; and then continued to run on, knowing nothing of the way she went, nor whither her steps were leading her.

Poor Isaline had struggled on for half an hour, and was still pressing forward, under dark trees and through thick bushes, when her progress was suddenly arrested, her breath suspended, and her heart seemingly stilled, by a series of wild, savage yells, fierce shouts, and the sharp rattle of fire-arms. The sounds appeared not to be very distant, even at first, and gradually drew nearer to where the poor girl stood. Her frightened senses were not very clear, but still she comprehended that a desperate battle had just begun between the whites and Indians. The Kentuckians had probably pursued and just come up with their enemies; and here, in her very presence, as it were, upon ground to which she had been strangely impelled, the bloody contest was already taking place which would result in triumph to friend or foe! If friend, she would be saved! if foe, she might be lost! And then, thoughts of all thoughts—to try every nerve, increase every emotion, and strain almost to bursting her already dizzy brain—what if Henry Colburn were here in the strife, and the good God should be pleased to grant victory to him, and permit the poor captive and wanderer once more to rest in his protecting arms, against his manly breast, behold once more his noble face, and hear once more that voice which was music to her soul? Or again, what if she should find him overpowered and slain, or a prisoner in savage hands, and know all hope and joy in this life lost forever? Ah! God in Heaven vouchsafe the one and avert the other!

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

Wine.

I have discovered a trade which, until this day, I have not known to exist. It is one in Belgian wine. What wine? you ask. Any that can be labelled upon a tavern placard. The grape is a mere delusion—white or black, its juice can be excelled by clever chemistry, only at the bottom of all the magic must be brandy. You want acidulation, resort to cream of tartar; you want oil, you have a hundred varieties; you must exhilarate, and what more potent than ether? It is light, scentless, and combines agreeably with every fluid known. So at this point you are getting, you fancy, very near the fulfillment of your artificial manufacture. I tell you no, you have not yet comprehended the importance of tartaric acid. It can do everything; it can ferment, it can sour, it can sweeten, it can mingle itself with all the deceptions of the dyer's vat; you may put any strengthening, thickening, or coloring matter with it—eggs or caviare—and so long as the cork is sound the wine is safe, so I hear. Next, I may as well confess, on the part of this country, how they keep their citizens sober. Not a tenth of their wine is wine at all. They use apricots, which yield a sickly sherry; myrtle leaves, rather oily and nauseous; brandy, of course, and bad; almonds only in limited quantities, because they are poisonous; amber, for the sake of its aroma; Spanish pine cones, cherries, oranges, peaches, and even cheese. Cheese, I say, is distilled into a liquor, and helps to adulterate an infinite plentitude of manufactured wine. Then you drink in this overflowing land wine made of celery, of carrots, of burnt sugar, of chestnuts, of dates, of figs, of strawberries, and you are not so monstrously cheated, because the dealers do not conceal their transactions. You would like a barrel of beer. So much new bread, so much fresh water, and mix. So much strong wine, a quart of syrup, a quart of brandy, and two quarts of water. A false wine, I have been assured by the initiated, is often not so injurious to the stomach as a good one; but let your readers not infatuated by commercial treatise read and learn. Cheap Madeira is cider sweetened with honey, and kept six months in a cask; cheap Malaga is made of bad champagne, raw grape juice, and again cider; you convert it into Greek by adding soda. *Vin de champagne Anglais* is gooseberry, sugar, and cognac. Boiling water weakens, without entirely spoiling, the compound, which comes to perfection in about eight days. All this, and more, I have extracted from the manufacturers, who need not much persuasion, for they carry on an enormous trade, and exult in English money. They are wise; the French charge too much for their wines, and—imitations moderate the markets.—*London Standard.*

☞ Toast by a perfect brute: Women, now and forever, one and insufferable.

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PHILADELPHIA, SATURDAY, MARCH 10, 1866.

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THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST.

A SUPPLEMENT GRATIS.

The demand for the numbers of THE POST containing Mr. Bennett's story, having exhausted the edition of the first six papers of the year, we have concluded to issue a SUPPLEMENT, the size of the whole paper, in which we will give the first THIRTEEN CHAPTERS of

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Our subscribers will do us a service by informing their friends of this offer. We are greatly obliged to those who have exerted themselves of late to extend the circulation of "THE POST."

THE OPERA.

Some clever writer has said that the Opera is a poetical representation of the deep things of life, of those passions which operate most powerfully in the human heart, of those mysterious and intricate connections between motive and action, sentiment and thought, imagination and truth, which in their development constitute the living poetry of our being. In the Opera, art and nature unite in their highest excellence, and draw us with them up to a loftier and truer life.

And this week has been a week of such true enjoyment, for spite of Ash Wednesday's having shut us into the dark and sombre gloom of Lent, (which only brightens truly for us, when Easter throws open its beautiful doors and shows the glory beyond)—we have had the German Opera troupe, and had them playing true German operas. I have wondered in looking round at the crowded audiences—(which, when we were making our exit, was a perfect crush, and which my escort pronounced a jam, and as it was chiefly composed of ladies—sweet jam—i. e. marmalade!) whether they really went with any idea of being educated to a higher and nobler development of heart, or simply because of a craving to be amused.

Of this troupe, the male voices are superlatively excellent; Hableman lovely beyond expression, and Hermans powerful and true always; the others, if not first-rate, are very good indeed; and the orchestra is most excellent, having the rare quality of remembering their duty is not to drown the voices they are accompanying, but sustain and assist them.

If instead of writing with my heart and being full of the *Zauberflöte*, I was fresh from last Monday's rendition of *Faust*, I should say the choruses were very poorly sung, as indeed they were in the case of *Faust*, but they were so excellent in the *Zauberflöte*, and so good in *Martha*, that I can only remember them as better than ordinary choruses.

On Monday there seemed a most intimidating array of thin, weak voices in the chorus parts, but on Wednesday, so far from this being the

cene, it seemed to me the whole chorus singing was especially good. Perhaps even the poorest voices sound better in the rich, full tones of true, deep, musical music.

I am convicted of the bad taste of not really and heartily liking *Faust*. I suppose it is miserable to own it, but perhaps when I have heard the opera more frequently, I shall learn to appreciate its beauties. However as I do not truly like it now, I do not mean to write about it, save to say people generally seemed pleased.

There are few greater truths in regard to the musical world, than Spohr's idea, "that those who give the compositions of the German masters in all their grandeur, cannot sing well the music of the modern Italian school," it is so different in kind and degree; the one so full of power and richness, the other sweet and effeminate, catching up the senses and lingering in the ear, half learned with a single hearing, like some sweet couplets of poetry, which please but do not go down into the depths of our hearing and teach us great, earnest truths. That is why I felt so aggrieved that Hableman should be made to sing in *Fra Diavolo* instead of *Tamino* on the *Zauberflöte* night; although he was *par excellence* the brave, reckless, handsome brigand, and I have not a doubt made additional conquests among the young ladies: for he looks such a handsome robber—and cannot help but sing magnificently—that I am fain to be content. If we had to have Auber at all, why *Fra Diavolo* was his very best for a German troupe.

Dwight, who was certainly one of our best musical critics, if not *the* best, has declared that the surest way to characterise the ruling tone of sentiment in a composer, is to note the state of mind in which his music leaves you. There is some music which is all glitter and effect, which so astonishes you that you go away weary and incapable of emotion. You have been excited not inspired, not inwardly and deeply warmed. Such is the case with most of the modern operas; with what Dwight calls the melo-dramatic bravura-crammed patterns of Donizetti, Auber, and even Rossini, the founder of this sensuous school of music.

I felt in every fibre of my being after hearing the *Zauberflöte* that "when listening to Mozart, you turn away unwillingly as from an inspired festival, in whose enthusiastic pitch of liberty, and love, and joy, you feel that your faculties, emotions, and very appetite for harmonies have all got out in this cold, barren world, and swim in a willing and congenial element, where all you touch is vital and responsive. Sense and soul have met and mingled. The intensest sense of living the full, perfected flower of sentiment; the exaltation of the soul; a tremulous recognition of the near approach of the Spiritual World; all this you feel, like the breath of a loved one upon your cheek."

How truly, after listening to Mozart's music, you realise that the slightest strain he has written, will outlive the scores and the schools of modern music a thousand times.

There are fewer startling efforts in the *Zauberflöte* than in almost any other opera; no cavatinas filled with wonderful *tours de force*; no need to seek in the plot itself, or in the miserable libretto, a poetical or dramatic idea; they are all there, the concentration of the purest poetry, the most profound and passionate dramatic effect, poured upon you, note after note, strain after strain, by one of the greatest tone-prophets, the very greatest after Beethoven the world has ever known. Hermans as *Sara Aro* was magnificent, his solo, which is the greatest thing in the whole opera, and which sounds like a grand psalm from one of Mozart's own masses, (the Kyrie Eleison, or the *El incarnatus est*, from the "Twelfth Mass," for instance) was rendered superbly. I wondered as I listened to him, if Lablache was so very much better. There is such a freshness and elasticity, and as it were, moistness in his ponderous bass tones, no huskiness or faltering, you feel so assured that he is going to do just what he undertakes, that his singing seems to rest you. His power and range are immense,—to see him as the grave, self-sustained high-priest, and then to remember him in his great rôle of *Mephistophiles*, is very astounding, so totally different and yet both so truly rendered. His manly *pose* is expressive of the most perfect self-reliance, his method is true always: and his fine size makes him truly imposing.

Himmer is much more at home in the character of *Tamino*, than in that of *Faust*, and sang delightfully, and except that he was not Hableman, (how could he be, being Himmer?) gave one really very little to wish for.

I could not but remember the remark of some one, that "The Magic Flute" depended very little upon its prima donna—indeed I think hardly any opera does so less. And yet *Pamina* was a favorite character of Jenny Lind, and indeed was the part in which she made her second appearance on the stage. *Agatha* in *Der Freischutz* being the first.

Spite of the contrast the remembrance of this brought, I never was so pleased with Johannsen. I think she never looked so young, was never so well dressed, never acted so well, and last though most important—never sang so well at any time that I have ever heard her. The new prima donna, Elvira Naddi, of whom the New York papers speak favorably, was the *Queen of Night*. She has comparatively little to do, but what she did sing seemed to me very truly sung, especially the much talked about first song, written, so much against Mozart's will, to please his prima donna, and which I believe critics condemn. It is full of very difficult passages, which Naddi certainly executed very finely. Her upper register, the *voce di testa*, is to my ear good: I should judge, though it is hardly fair to judge anything pro or con, after so small a display of her powers—that her forte being rather in execution of brilliant passages, (what some old writer calls running races with hautboys, flutes and fiddles,) than in giving clear, true intonation to passages of expression.

The *Papagena* and *Papageno* of pretty little Dziuba and Steinecke were charming, and called out a hearty encore in their duo, in the fourth act. Indeed all the parts were given unusually well in every particular.

The vocal part is delightful, but to me the truest beauty of this wonderful *Zauberflötte* lies in the instrumentation. And the orchestra rendered it so magnificently, I did not detect but one false note (and that a very slight one from one of the wind instruments during the encore of Herman's solo,) from the opening overture to the grand finale. Of course the more educated ears may have noticed inaccuracies that my ignorance would not perceive, but as it was I enjoyed it more than any instrumental music I have ever heard, and I have heard a great deal of very good music.

I could not help but recall, as I watched the leader at the piano, and listened to his exceedingly delicate and graceful occasional touches, of the first time Mozart produced this opera. It was at Prague; he had finished the overture which introduces the second act, only the day before, and the night of its debut presided at the piano himself. To his surprise the success was very uncertain, and after the first act he left the orchestra pale and confounded. During the second the audience warmed up, and at the close Mozart was called for, but had hidden himself out of sight. At the second performance the success was greater, but still not proportionate to its deserts. But the manager, Schikaneeder, persisted in performing it for a week; each night the applause increasing. Three months after, being again presented, it ran for twenty-four nights to crowded houses. That is the way they do in Europe, they hear a work often enough to learn its beauties, and a composer often enough to remember his style; not like we Americans demanding a new opera each night, thus doing gross injustice to the artists who cannot have the proper amount of practice necessary for the true rendition of what they undertake, and to ourselves in preventing the perfect understanding and love of what we hear.

I shall like next week to recount how once old Rossini's grandest opera "*Guillaume Tell*" is rendered, and Meyerbeer's *Robert le Diable* and *Les Huguenots*.

L' Africaine is announced for one night and *Mireille* for another, and to the delight of every one *Martha* and the Robin Adair scene from *Le Dame Blanche*; so that night being intrinsically a Hableman night, will have a crowded house, as no one sings like Hableman, no one will attract like him par consequence.

FAIR.

During Easter week the deaf Mutes design to hold a Fair at the Horticultural Hall, Broad and Sansom streets. This Fair is the work solely of the Mutes, and their purpose is to aid a literary society of their own—a laudable work which deserves encouragement. We sincerely hope they may meet with the success which the enterprise entitles them to, and that they may realize a handsome addition to their treasury. The Mutes have an innate love for the beautiful which gives exquisite taste, and the novelty of their work has filled them with a delightful excitement pleasing to witness. For weeks preparations for this great event have been going on, and they have been the happiest of beings in the anticipation of success. Friends, let us not permit the realization to be less bright. We can insure insure to them success, and we ought to do so, by attending and purchasing the beautiful things which their busy fingers have manufactured.

THE "TRICHINAL" ALARM.

The pork merchants are coming to the rescue of sugar cured hams and corn-fed pork. They declare that the noise made about the *trichinæ* is produced by pork dealers who have "sold short," and are endeavoring to "bear" the provision market. They say that salt kills the insect, if any should exist in the flesh of American swine, which latter state of things they deny, and they declare that it is only fresh pork which has produced the disasters among pork eaters in Germany. There may be force in their positions. At all events, prudence requires that pork, whether fresh or salted, should be exposed to a thorough boiling long enough to kill the insects if any exist in the meat.

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☞ Meerschaum is made on a large scale by saturating carbonate of magnesia in silicate of soda or soluble glass—care in selecting a good quality of magnesia and silicate being the only requisite for success. The profits are immense. A pipe made of the "foam of the sea," as smokers verily believe, costs for material about five cents, leaving the balance for labor.

☞ It was stated in evidence before a committee of the House of Commons, that the pig-feeders in and around London never themselves eat pork or allow their families to do so.

☞ Mince pies, called in the time of Queen Elizabeth "minched pies," and to this day in Scotland "munched pies," formed a very important item in a Christmas bill of fare. They were originally made in the shape of a crutch or cradle, to typify the manger at Bethlehem.

☞ The Pacific ocean covers seventy-eight millions of miles; the Atlantic, twenty-five millions.

☞ The Boston Commercial Bulletin facetiously remarks:—"A prominent merchant informs us that notwithstanding he has paid the charges of his plumber and gas fitters in full, he shall be able promptly to meet his other debts at maturity. Such instances of financial strength in our metropolis are gratifying evidences of a concentration of capital."

☞ Photographic albums, with musical boxes concealed in the covers, are, at present, a novelty in London.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

NEW LIFE, TALENT AND ENERGY.

Splendid Array of Contributors.

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EMERSON BENNETT,

Author of "PRAIRIE FLOWER," "THE REFUGEES," "CLARA MORELAND," &c., &c., has been engaged, at a great expense, as a regular contributor, and will

WRITE EXCLUSIVELY FOR THE POST.

Mr. Bennett began a continued story in the first number of the New Year, called

THE PHANTOM OF THE FOREST;

A Tale of The Backwoods;

This story will run through from twelve to fifteen numbers, and be a story of the early settlement of Kentucky, including adventures with the Indians in that romantic region which was generally called by the pioneers of civilization, "the dark and bloody ground."

Mrs. BELLA Z. SPENCER will also contribute a continued story in the course of the year, entitled

GENEVIEVE HOWE.

Our columns will be further supplied with original contributions by the following

SPLENDID LIST OF CONTRIBUTORS:

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Author of "Thanatopsis" and other Poems.
FLORENCE PERCY,
Author of "Rock Me to Sleep," &c.
Mrs. LOUISE CHANDLER MOULTON,
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BEATRICE COLONNA,
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[For particulars, see under editorial head on second page.]

TERMS—Our terms are the same as those for that well-known magazine, THE LADY'S FRIEND—in order that the Clubs may be made up of the paper and magazine conjointly, when it is so desired, and are as follows:—One copy, one year, $2.50; Two copies, $4; Four copies, $8; Eight copies (and one *gratis*) $16; Twenty (and one *gratis*) $35. One copy each of THE POST and LADY'S FRIEND, $4.

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☞ SPECIMEN NUMBERS will be sent *gratis*.
☞ Single numbers for sale by the News Dealers.
☞ Editors inserting the above shall be entitled to an exchange by mailing us a *marked* copy.

☞ A bill has been introduced into the Pennsylvania Legislature intended to put a stop to the practice of procuring to be published false announcement of marriages. It provides that every person found guilty of procuring the publication of such a notice in the Philadelphia papers shall be punished by imprisonment of five years or less, or by fine of $500 or less, besides being liable in damages at the suit of the damaged parties.

☞ Many persons who dance look as if they were hired to do so, and were doubted of being paid.

☞ The common name for the United States, in China, is the "*Kingdom of the Flowery Flag.*"

Ancient Races of Men.

Aided by the researches of men of science in both the old and new worlds, we are rapidly acquiring a knowledge of pre-historic races. Ever since Sir Charles Lyell has broken ground upon this subject in his admirable work on the Antiquity of Man, researches have been multiplied in every direction, and what was even then but dim conjecture, has become established scientific truth. The exploration of some bone caves, in Belgium, has been carried on, under the direction of the Government of that country, with great success. All the bone caves of that vicinity establish this fact, that there was a large race of dwellers in caves, destroyed by a sudden inundation that swept over the whole of Belgium and the north of France. Precisely at what period this took place we cannot say, but the yellow clay of that region seems to have been deposited by that inundation, and the *debris* of the caves attest its effects upon the races of men belonging to what we call the *stone* period—that is, when the best implements of men were of stone, not iron, nor even brass.

But there has evidently been a race of human beings who inhabited some of these caves—one in particular, and who have left here some shells bored through some pieces of jet, some shark's teeth, and flint brought from a considerable distance, and the forearm of a Siberian mammoth, such as did not reside at all in that vicinity, but was clearly brought there from a distance. These folks lived chiefly upon the flesh of the horse, whose teeth are abundantly found in the cave, and the bones were carefully broken to get out the marrow. No wonder, then, if the French have even now a lingering taste for horse flesh. Water rats, the boar, badger and hare formed also part of their food.

This is an age of reconstruction, and we are able to trace from their *debris* their former habits. They had flint arrow-heads, and implements like spear-heads, and needles, and various tools made out of the bones and horns of the reindeer. With these they pursued wild animals successfully. They must have traded too, with the inhabitants of France for shells and jet, and other ornaments. They must have had their little superstitions about the bone of their mammoth's forearm, and used the skins of wild beasts, with the hair removed and sewed together with long bone-needles, such as those found among the "stone races of the lacustrine dwellings of the Swiss lakes." It would appear that some cracks in the roof of the cave gave them warning, and that they fled, after which the roof fell in, and buried up and preserved their relics and housekeeping utensils for our inspection. Even these men do not seem to have been the original inhabitants, but the successors of a previous population.

All through Europe these explorations are now going on with great zeal and success. In Malta the relics of a race of pigmy elephants have been discovered in a bone cave. These were not larger, many of them, than a small pony. Those who have made these things their study are surprised at the progress that is making in our knowledge of lost races, nor is there much danger but that similar efforts on our own shores would be followed by as much success. In Missouri, where Dr. Koch discovered the remains of the Missourium, it is well known that he felt sure he found proofs of the existence of a race of Indians cotemporary with it, and in fact the destroyers of its life.—*Philada. Ledger.*

GIFTS TO GENERAL GRANT.—The people of the North have a lively sense of the great service done them by the commanding General of their armies. They have presented him with many valuable gifts. Some of the citizens of Philadelphia gave him a handsome house, fully furnished, and the citizens of Galena, Illinois, another furnished house, costing $15,000. He has another house in Washington city. From the country at large he has received swords and equipments valued at $10,000, and horses worth $10,000 more. Boston has given him $5,000 worth of books for his library. The latest gift of all is the princely one of a purse containing $100,000, subscribed by the solid men of New York, and presented to General Grant on his late visit to that city.

A BAD EXCHANGE.—Some days ago, a French priest was attacked by a footpad in the Edgeware Road, who, not content with the few shillings he had about him, insisted on his coat, alleging that it was superior to his own. The exchange was no sooner completed than the priest ran: so did the thief, vociferating to him to stop; but in vain, the priest fearing he meant to ill use him. On reaching a public street, the thief gave up the pursuit; and the priest putting his hand in the pocket of the coat, found at once the cause of the renewed attack, two hundred dollars in the thief's coat!

A BANK, SAFE.—The vault of the Bank of France, which, (says a foreign paper) contain more treasure than any other single spot on the face of the globe, are accessible through an iron door, which has three keys, and these keys are kept by three leading officers. The iron staircase which leads to the vault can be detached, and, by a chemical apparatus, a supply of deadly gas can be made to permeate every part, destroying human life in a few seconds, while the whole vault can be submerged in ten minutes.

THE RIGHTS OF PEDESTRIANS.—A sensible New York judge said in a recent case when three thousand dollars damages were awarded, "It is as much the duty of the vehicle to keep out of the way of pedestrians, as it is for the latter to escape being run over by the former. Therefore, drivers have no right to monopolize the privilege of the streets as they now do, and foot-passengers should make them understand the fact by a few legal experiences."

☞ NO FULL MOON IN FEBRUARY.—During the month of February, just ended, there was no full moon. This, which is thought by some to be an unprecedented event, is not so, but only one of rare occurrence. In 1847 there was no full moon in February, a full moon occurring on January 30, and again on March 1. It is possible that there may be no full moon in February once in every lunar cycle of 19 years.

☞ An individual who had served on one of the Committees on Public Institutions says, that, owing to the new style the ladies have adopted, of frizzing the hair over their foreheads, that at the opera the other night he was most forcibly reminded of his visits of inspection to the female ward of the lunatic asylum.

☞ "An American is only an Englishman rather more sharpened," says Sir Morton Peto, who has been able, during his Western tour, to see the point.

Electioneering Trick in England.

A sharp electioneering trick is described in an English paper. A certain tory stood for a town which is not more celebrated for its electoral purity than for the extent of its woollen manufactures. The candidate began operations by buying all the stock that was ready for the market, intimating that he should want as much once a month for exportation. This was splendid—£20,000 every month, and the London market untouched. Such a member would be invaluable to the town, and he was accordingly elected. So soon as he had thanked the constituency, and with tears in his eyes assured them that the honest, manly struggle they had made to rescue their town from the domination of the vile whigs should never be effaced from his memory, he started off for town and sold off all his woollens at an abatement of two and a half pence on the cost price, thus securing his seat at the moderate price of £500, and forestalling the market against his independent constituency for a month to come. The latter are furious, and pretty plainly hint that if the man of their unbought choice ever shows his nose within the limits of their borough, his head will be made familiar with the solidity of their brickbats.

The Mackerel Squadron.

This squadron, my boy, consisted of one twenty-eight-inch row-boat, mounting a twelve-inch swivel, and commanded by Commodore Head, late of the Canal Boat Service. It is iron-plated after a peculiar manner. When the ingenious chap who was to iron-plate it commenced his work, Commodore Head ordered him to put the plate on the *inside* of the boat, instead of outside, as in the case of the Monitor and Galena.

"What do you mean?" says the contractor.

"Why," says the commodore, "ain't them iron plates intended to protect the crew?"

"Yes," says the contractor.

"Well, then, you poor, ignorant cuss," says the commodore, in a great passion, "what do you want to put the plates outside for? The crew won't be on the outside—will it? The crew will be on the inside—won't it? And how are you going to protect the crew on the inside by putting iron plates on the outside?"

Such reasoning, my boy, was convincing, and the Mackerel Squadron was plated inside.—*Orphans C. Kerr's Papers.*

SCRATCHES AND DAUBS IN SCHOOL HOUSES.—The moral and æsthetic influences of a neat and cheerful school-house are well worth securing. Ideas are like chameleons; they imbibe and retain the color of the objects they are associated with. In some school-houses, learning is a dingy, musty, loathsome commodity: Grammar suggests headache, drowsiness, and tortured spines; Arithmetic is a counting of long dreary hours of bondage to a hated task; and Geography recalls a low ceiling, indecent with charcoal scrawls. In other school-rooms, like those which adorn many of our cities, knowledge is radiant with delightful hues—"a thing of beauty and a joy forever." When the pursuit of learning is connected with pleasant apartments and smiling faces, it is elevated to a delight; it is degraded to a drudgery, with surroundings that create discomfort.

Let teachers consider not only that the "first scratch" on the school-room walls will be followed by scratches *ad libitum*—the "first daub" by daubs *ad nauseam*—but that *any* blemish in the school-house or its furniture must tend to vitiate the tastes and mar the moral nature of all beneath its roof.

☞ Indian agents say that many of the outrages attributed to Indians are committed by white desperadoes.

☞ Ten per cent. has been established as the legal rate of interest in Georgia.

☞ A monetary convention has been signed between France, Belgium, Italy and Switzerland, the result of which will be that the money of each country will, in future, pass current in all the rest.

☞ Speaking of the "undeveloped wealth of the country," a loafer said that was exactly his position; he possessed vast resources—was very rich—but his wealth was undeveloped.

☞ Last year, Wm. B. Astor had the largest income of any person in the United States. The year before, Stewart had the largest.

☞ There is a child in Staunton, Va., seven weeks old, which weighs only one pound and a half. When born it could be put into a teacup, and then weighed only half a pound.

☞ What paper has the largest circulation? Counterfeit fifty-cent currency.

☞ Mrs. Miriam Meridith, a Catholic devotee and philanthropist, died at St. Louis on the 22d. In her youth she married, but on leaving the church the bridegroom mysteriously disappeared, and was never heard of afterwards. For weeks, months and years she watched and waited for the return of her idol, but he never came. She then withdrew from the galeties of the world and devoted herself to charitable work.

THE MARKETS.

FLOUR AND MEAL—The Flour market is dull. The sales reach about 10,000 bbls, mostly Northwest extra family, at $8@9,25 ₩ bbl, including superfine at $6@7,50; extra at $7@8; Lancaster county and good Pennsylvania and family at $8,25@10,25, and $10,50@12,50 for fancy. About 400 bbls Rye Flour sold at $4,75.

GRAIN—There has been a steady demand for prime Wheat. Sales of 8000 bus fair and prime red at $2@2,35, small lots of white at $2,30@2,50. Rye has advanced to 85c. Corn—Sales 40,000 bus yellow at 67@74, and some white at 80c. Oats—10,000 bus sold at 48c.

PROVISIONS—The sales are in a retail way only, but holders are firm in their views. New Mess Pork sells at $20 ₩ bbl. Bacon Hams at 20@27c. Pickled do, at 19@19½c; Salt Shoulders at 12½@12¾c. Lard at 19@19½c ₩ lbs in bbls and tcs, and Dressed Hogs at $11,50@12 the 100 lbs. Butter—Sales of roll at 35@44c, the latter figure for choice; solid at 30@35c. Cheese—Sales of New York Factory at 22@23c. Eggs are selling at 33@35c ₩ doz.

COTTON—Sales 420 bales at 42@43c for middling.

FRUIT—Green Apples sell at $2,50@6 ₩ bbl; dried do at 2@12c for new; 10,000 lbs old sold at 7c; 8000 lbs dried Peaches sold at 12@14c for quarters, 15@19c for halves, and 24@30c for pared. Cranberries from $12@19.

FEATHERS—Sales Western at 70 to 75c.

SEEDS—There is a limited demand for Clover-seed; sales 1500 bus, chiefly at $5 for common to $6,50 for choice. Timothy ranges from $4 to 4,25. Flaxseed is in limited request at $2,75@2,85 ₩ bus.

SPIRITS—N E Rum ranges from $2,50 to 2,55. Whiskey—Penna sells at $2,25@2,30; Ohio at $2,30.

TALLOW—Country sells at 11@11½c, and 80,000 lbs city rendered at 11½@12c.

WOOL—Sales 85,000 lbs at 67@72c for fine, and 60@68c for quarter and full blood.

PHILADELPHIA CATTLE MARKETS.

The supply of Beef Cattle during the past week amounted to about 1100 head. The prices realized from 15@16 cts ₩ lb. 50 Cows brought from $30 to 80 ₩ head. 1600 Hogs sold at from $12,50@14,50 ₩ 100 lbs. Sheep—3000 head were disposed of at from 6@7½ cts ₩ lb.

HELIOTROPE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUGUST BELL.

Of all the flowers that ever grow
In all earth's gardens, there is one
Which I would be if it were so
That thou, beloved, wert the sun.
The faithful, fragrant little flower
Which in its purpling sweetness turns
Whatever way, hour after hour,
Its mutely worshipped life-light burns.

Thou art my sun that shinest high
Above me where the cloud-veils ope,
While here beneath, earth-rooted, I
Bloom faintly sweet, thy heliotrope.
Thou circlest the broad heavens round,
Shining on worlds I cannot see
From this one little spot of ground
Where I dream dreams and watch for thee.

But O, I love this life of mine,
Since so I show my deep content,
And day by day thou com'st to shine,
And sunward all my soul is sent.
Then what if other realms receive
More of that light thou giv'st so free,
I will not ask nor vainly grieve,
I only know thou shin'st on me!

O, brightly bloom the proud sweet flowers
In meadow lands and gardens gay,
But only one, as pass the hours,
Turns its true face to thee alway.
My love, my sun, whate'er betide
This is the symbol of my hope,
Thy great life reaches far and wide,
Yet stoop and claim thy heliotrope!

Across the Plains to California.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY MARY J. ALLEN,

AUTHOR OF "THE LITTLE NEWSBOY," "ONE WOMAN'S HERO," "LEONIE GRANT," &c.

PART I.

The sultry August day was drawing to a close; going out in heat and a kind of oppressive stillness that foretold a storm; as Postmaster Harris in his unpretending little office—post-office and family grocery combined—stood behind the counter looking over, one by one, the packet of letters he held in his hand.

"No letters for any of your folks, Miss Bruner," turning a florid, smiling face toward the one other occupant of the store, a woman who stood there a little way from him in the broad light of the open door. A young woman, twenty-one or two, perhaps, not tall and not short, plainly dressed in gray gingham, yet having a certain grace of figure, and white skirts, and arched instep, and well-turned wrist pleasant to see. Having, too, a low, clear voice, and a face that was hardly pretty and yet not plain—only tired-looking, like the face of one who has battled with Fate and been worsted in the fight. This was Nathalie Bruner.

"No letters for you," repeated the Postmaster. "Here are some newspapers, though, and a book of some kind for your brother," slowly spelling out the address through his spectacles, "Mr. Leroy D. Bruner," passing them across the counter to her with heavy, lumbering movements. He was never in a hurry, this steady-going old man, never seemed to get excited or to lose his temper. "The folks are all well, I suppose, Miss Nathalie," with neighborly interest.

"Quite well, thank you," gathering up her parcels to go. "One thing more, Mr. Harris—a paper of soda, please."

It was handed down from the shelf in a ponderous manner, as if it had weighed a ton instead of a pound; then the storekeeper proceeded to close and bolt his shutters and followed his customer out.

"We're going to have rain before long—about to-morrow morning, I think," locking the door behind him. The lady made some pleasant reply, then the two said good-evening and took their separate ways homeward; one keeping his leisurely pace and swinging his big key as he went, the other walking with steady, rapid step along the wide, country road, where purple ironweeds grew thick along the fences, and groups of cattle straggled homeward, coming up as they always did toward nightfall from their "range" on the prairie, to this higher wooded land. It was a quiet road, with here and there a farm-house on the way, and at every one a group of children playing about the bars, waiting to "turn in" their particular Bloss, or Pink, or Blacky.

Miss Bruner nodded to each group as she passed, but did not pause in her walk—kept steadily on, for the sun was quite down now and home a mile distant.

She was not afraid though. She was never timid in the way so many women think pretty and interesting. It was an article in her creed, that cowardice—real blind, unreasoning fear—is just as disgraceful in a woman as in a man; and thinking thus she would have been ashamed to tremble at being left alone in the dark, to scream at sight of an imaginary burglar, or to run away from every strange dog simply because it *was* strange and *might* be cross. Such things were simply unwomanly in a woman as they would be unmanly in a man.

She was not a heroine, this girl I am telling you about. Not by any means one of those unterrified creatures who are ready to do and dare all sorts of hazardous things. It was in her nature to be strong where many others are weak, and, worse for her, to be weak where many others are strong. Whether this strength was ever tried, whether this weakness worked her sorrow, you shall see by-and-by.

The road became still more quiet, the houses farther and farther apart. There was a faint breath of air now, and she took off her bonnet, letting its coolness touch her face. Such a quiet face it was—the face of a girl in its fairness and rounded outlines, the face of an old woman in its utter weariness—weariness of soul and weariness of life. A youthful face from which all youth's brightness and freshness have been struck out.

You don't like this picture I am drawing for you? Unnatural, you call it. Too deeply shaded. And yet I could show you its counterpart to-day.

Something fine and true in the girl's nature she had inherited from her father, along with the deep, hazel eyes and fine, reddish-brown hair that belonged to the Bruners. Mrs. Bruner was a Dwight, and had gray eyes and black hair, as had her son, Leroy Dwight Bruner, Nathalie's brother.

Nathalie sometimes wondered whether her life would have been such a failure if her father had lived.

It is a sad, sad thing when a woman at twenty-one pronounces her life a failure. When the illusions that make youth sweet have faded away, the pleasant dreams vanished. It comes to us all sooner or later in life, this disenchantment—but to most it comes gradually, after years have brought wisdom and the soul has learned to trust in something higher and surer than earth can give. But to her for whom there was no such compensation, the coming years stretched out blankly, empty of promise. The shadow of their coming was on her face now, their chill on her heart. The solemn quiet that brooded over earth and sky was unheeded. What were set of sun and rise of moon to her?—to her desolate.

A little way before her a couple of lovers stood talking over the garden fence, the girl coquettish in cherry-ribbons and white apron—the young man's head bent down close to the smooth, pink cheek. It was a pretty picture enough, and Miss Bruner looked at it as she went by, a still, inscrutable look in her dark eyes. Was she thinking of a time when *she* had thrilled at the sound of a voice, the touch of a caressing hand—when *she* had believed in a man's truth?

She did not believe in it now. She had come to have small faith in any child of man. And yet—how weak we women are. How weak this woman was, that a trifle like that could shake her so. You would not have known that it had shaken her though. Her face kept its listless quiet, her eyes their weary outlook; never changing until by-and-by a step sounded in the road behind her—a man's firm footfall on the hard, beaten path. What was there in that to drive all the faint color from cheek and lip; to make her heart stand still? Looking at her now you would know that the step was one she had listened for a hundred times, one whose faintest echo she knew by heart. But it was six months since she had heard it, and another woman listened for it now.

"Miss Nathalie!"

She turned at that, glancing up at the man beside her—a perfect athlete of a man, with a strong, masterful face, and eyes that kept their owner's secret well.

"You have returned, Mr. Vandermark."

If he had expected start or blush he was disappointed. Perhaps he did not care for those things now—and yet I think he did. I believe that, married man as he was, he would have given much to see her face kindle as it used to do at his coming. He bent down to look in it now, some sudden warmth and brightness flashing into his own as he did so, making it gentle almost as a woman's. The gentleness was in his voice, too, as he said,

"You are not glad to see me as I am to see you, Nathalie."

Her answer did not touch his words at all.

"Your family—they are well, I trust?"

"Yes, quite well." He would not be repulsed. He held her hand an instant—friends claim that much, you know—then, "Let me have these parcels," taking them from her quite as a matter of course, in that decisive way she used to like so well.

How tender he used to be of her in those days. Somehow his presence to-night seemed to bring it all back to her—the strong man's protecting love, and all the brightness of those midsummer days a year ago, the sweetest of her life, when she had expected to be George Vandermark's wife. She might have been, she would have been his wife this night, but for her mother's interference. Was the old spell upon her once more—the spell of this man's influence? She could not have told; she did not stop to ask herself. She only knew that it was like heaven to be with him again. And walking by his side along the road that was familiar ground to both their feet, she forgot the coldness and estrangement and separation of the past year, and bloomed out into the girl he had known, shy and arch and winning, with wise and sweet sayings, and smiles that came and went, making of the pure, delicate face a picture.

Ah! George Vandermark, what an enchanter you were!

He stopped an instant at the gate to bid her good-night, taking her two hands into one of his, smoothing her hair with the other—he had not touched her before since they had met, only to shake hands at the first.

"Good-night, Nathalie."

"Good-night, George."

He bent down with a quick movement and kissed her—once—twice. "My little love!" His arms closed about her suddenly, and she felt herself drawn close to his breast.

Do not condemn him utterly. For that one mad, passionate moment he forgot that he was a married man, forgot everything but this pale little girl he held in his arms and that he loved her. An instant she yielded herself to the close, strong clasp—only an instant, then she drew herself free, the gate closed suddenly between them, and he stood alone under the elm tree. So there was nothing for him but to go on home, taking the memory of that white, startled face with him for company; that and the echo of her last words: "George, George, do you remember that this is deadly sin?"

If he had been a better man that anguished rebuke would have brought a guilty flush to his face. As it was he only thought of the touch of her velvet cheek against his, and the way her head had drooped for a second on his shoulder.

"Ah! true heart! She loves me yet, I know, though tortures couldn't make her say so. She's good, too, good as gold, while my wife—bah! it's no use thinking, I suppose. My little Nathalie! What demon of obstinacy was it that possessed me to give her up rather than yield to her womanly scruples? 'Foolish scruples' I called them. 'What harm would it do her, I said, to meet me at other people's houses after her mother's ill will made it out of the question for me to visit her any longer at her own home?' I meant to show Mrs. Bruner that I would have my own way spite of her opposition. But Nathalie was right in refusing, I see that now—right in guarding her own good name. My true little girl! It is hard to remember that the two who should have been most tender of her were hardest—her mother and her promised husband."

And while he toiled up the hill beyond which lay his home—home where his wife awaited him—Nathalie lay upon the ground in the darkest shadow of the garden, her face in the wet grass, her hands locked together as if they would never unclasp again.

There were visitors in the house. The sound of their voices came out through the open doors and windows thrown wide to admit the passing breeze; cheerful, pleasant voices, with now and then a little burst of laughter. Not the least pleasant one was Mrs. Bruner's, and Mrs. Bruner herself was a delightful hostess as she sat there talking with her guests, giving lively badinage for Mr. Sayler's jests and courteous answers to his wife's platitudes. A portly, matronly woman of forty-five, with gray eyes and hair that had once been purplish black. A woman who looked well to the ways of her household, and kept up the observances of religion in her family. A Christian by profession, going morning and night to her knees to ask for grace from on high. And yet beneath so much that was good in heart and life was an underlying *hardness* in her nature—a substratum of granite.

I think the woman was a born ruler. She had ruled her husband while he lived, she ruled her son and daughter now, if not with a rod of iron, at least with a sway that was wellnigh absolute. "Children, obey your parents," and "Honor thy father and thy mother," were commands impressed upon their minds at an early age, and the influence acquired then she had maintained with a firm hand ever since.

If Mrs. Bruner often exacted more than any mother has a right to demand from her children after they have reached man's and woman's estate, it was not because she did not love them. In sickness or danger she would have sacrificed comfort, health, even life itself for them. But if they were to be saved it must be in *her* way; if they were to be happy it must be according to *her* ideas of happiness. I think it is of such stuff that reformers are made. Female reformers, I mean, leaders of great enterprises, combining a man's firmness and fortitude with a woman's tact in adapting means to ends. You have known such women no doubt, strong, faithful, conscientious, capable of rising to great heights, of making great sacrifices, absorbing in their own all other wills not strong enough to resist the influence. It is what we are all trying to do, each in our own way and degree—trying to impress our own views, opinions and modes of thought upon others. But there is a point beyond which this becomes tyranny. I don't know whether Mrs. Bruner ever realized this. I do not know that any one ever called her a tyrant. People liked her—most people, that is—and Roy and Nathalie loved her.

Nathalie! She sat there still, unheeding the talk going on within. Their words, grave or gay, had no meaning for her. Only one sentence rang in her ears over and over again: "My little love! my little love!" and the lips George Vandermark had kissed formed just one wild, frantic wish: "If I could only die to-night!"

Oh! the lonely days and nights, the bitter pain of disappointment, the heart sickness, the weariness of life. She had been through it all once. She had thought the worst was past—that she could never suffer like that again. And now to find that the victory was not won after all—that the battle must be fought over again! No wonder that, knowing her own weakness as she did, she should shrink from the trial.

How the sight of George Vandermark's face to-night brought the old days back—the days when she had first known him. All that this life held for her of joy or brightness was in that time. What a hero he had seemed in her eyes then, like a knight of old, "Brave, and true, and tender." Her mother liked him *then*, and was very gracious to "Mr. Vandermark."

Her mother! Recalling it all now the whole soul of the girl flamed into revolt. What *right* had Mrs. Bruner to insult George in that way—before his very face, too! He was a proud man, well Mrs. Bruner knew that, and he never came to the house again. He boarded at the next house, only a quarter of a mile away, so Nathalie saw him sometimes, but she could not go there or anywhere else to meet him, though he asked her to again and again. And at last he got *his* temper up and did not ask her any more. And after that she met him walking and riding with Mrs. Clara Wilson, the loveliest woman in the county, and then she knew that *her* dream was all over.

By-and-by he went away over the ridge by the bay to work; and the next she knew he was married.

Roy was invited to the wedding—he happened to be acquainted with some of the bride's family, a good enough family, though the bride herself, a gay young widow, with some little property and a couple of children, was not just such a woman as he had thought George Vandermark would have chosen for a wife. There were others who wondered, knowing something of the man's tastes—knowing, too, what a favorite he was with women, and how easy it would have been for him to have secured a very different life-partner.

He was not a very good man—if he had been I do not think that women would have liked him quite so well—and this was Mrs. Bruner's strong point against him. She based her opposition on high moral grounds, you see. Indeed I am not certain that she was quite conscious herself that the real cause of her dislike to him lay in the fact that he had once offended her—not with deliberate intention to be sure—but to a woman like Mrs. Bruner a careless slight is the worst of all slights, harder to forgive than any other. And then George Vandermark had a will of his own—a good strong will, too, and *that* was unpardonable.

I think that in this hour Nathalie understood it all more clearly than she had ever done before.

"How weak I was! how pitiably weak!" with a sort of contemptuous compassion for herself, remembering how, all her life long, she had yielded her own will to her mother's; and not her will only, but this one bright dream of a happy future. All that her woman's heart craved of peace or joy was in that dream—a home of her own, a husband's love, and pleasant hopes beyond. And now—oh! aching heart, oh! empty hands, oh! young face that must grow old and go down at last into the silence of the coffin unblest by children's kisses. Was this your tender mother-love, Mrs. Bruner, and your faith, George Vandermark? Then God pity the one who has nothing surer to trust to!

She stood up at last, leaning against the low garden fence, her arm laid along the narrow wooden ledge and her forehead upon it. A very different picture this from that other one of the girl in cherry ribbons and white apron, with her lover by her side—such a different picture!

"My little love! My little love!" The words haunted her thoughts still, not comforting now, but mocking—taunting her with the recollection of all she had lost. "Has it come to this—that I am caring for another woman's husband? I must never see him again if it can be avoided—for my own honor and my soul's peace I dare not. And yet, have I strength enough for this? *Have* I? God help me! I doubt, I doubt!" I think the angels must have pitied her, so alone as she was, with no help in heaven or earth.

She lifted her face at last—the weariest face you ever saw, but with a desperate resolve hardening and darkening in it. "If I were only out of this! Anywhere out of the world!" A point of light struck suddenly upon something bright at her feet. Mechanically she stooped and picked it up. It was a pocket knife, Roy's she knew, the long, narrow, pointed blade open. It was the very thing, quick, noiseless. Just a little incision in her white arm, so easy to make, and in half an hour she would be beyond all this struggle and temptation.

Was it a suggestion of the Evil One, the arch enemy who is always lying in wait for souls? She did not know. She hardly cared, I think. She unfastened her sleeve at the wrist, pushing it above the elbow, and sliding her fingers over the smooth surface in search of the proper spot to strike. She must make no blunder now, the work must be effectual. If Mrs. Bruner had only known, or Roy, but they were laughing and talking in the house, and she was going alone to her death.

Are there many of us, I wonder—many of us women, I mean—who know what it is to stand face to face with death as this girl was doing? Death of her own seeking, too. The bravest may well hold their breath before taking that last "plunge in the dark"—but she—her heart did not fail, nor her purpose falter. One second more and her design would have been accomplished, when a hand reaching over her shoulder took the knife unceremoniously from her grasp, and a voice said, "Do you remember the old saying, that 'It's dangerous playing with edge tools?'"

Roy's hand and Roy's voice.

Did he understand what the open blade and bared arm meant? It was not easy to say. He had his mother's eyes—eyes that told nothing, save what their owner chose to reveal—and his tone was careless enough as he said, "You've got back, Nathalie? I was thinking of going down the road apiece to meet you. I thought maybe you'd be a little lonesome coming home by yourself."

He spoke in good faith; he had not seen George Vandermark. Nathalie did not look at him or speak, and he stood there a moment drumming on the fence with his fingers—a boyish habit that he sometimes had. Indeed, he was little more than a boy in age. Younger than Nathalie by three years, he was just eighteen now, but rather tall and remarkably well built for his years. Like his mother as to hair and eyes; like his mother, too, in some other respects, a fact which Mrs. Bruner was beginning to discover with a little secret uneasiness. He would be of age one of these days, you see, and might not prove as tractable as Nathalie had always been.

"Are you sick, Nathalie?" looking at her earnestly.

"No, not sick, Roy."

"Tired, then. Come in the house and rest and see Mr. and Mrs. Sayler. They came down awhile ago from Ludlow. They are going to California week after next."

"To California?"

"Yes. Going to move there—overland—and Mr. Sayler's going to take all his goods and open a store in the El Dorado. If there was anybody else to carry on the farm for mother I'd go along with them myself."

Nathalie hardly heard his last words. She was thinking. To California! Why that was at the other side of the world, nearly, and next best thing of getting out of it altogether. Like a flash the thought came. She would go to California."

She went straight into the parlor then with Roy, where Mrs. Bruner, noticing her pallor, asked the same question Roy had put, "Are you sick, Nathalie?" and received the same answer, "No." Mr. Sayler was disposed to rally her a little, being an old friend of the family he was privileged, but she put aside the pleasantry almost abruptly, saying gently:

"Roy tells me that you and Mrs. Sayler are going to California."

"Yes we are," returned both guests in the same breath.

"I should like to go with you. Will you take me as a passenger?"

"Ah! have you got the gold fever, too, Miss Nathalie? Certainly we'll take you," responded Mr. Sayler promptly, while Mrs. Sayler said, "To be sure, my dear, if you are in earnest."

"In earnest! My dear Mrs. Sayler, of course she is not in earnest," interposed Mrs. Bruner, decidedly. Something in the expression of Nathalie's face had led her to think that she *might* possibly be in earnest, so she hastened to put her veto upon the matter; adding more smoothly, "Married people will do well there, I haven't a doubt, but what should a girl like Nathalie go to California for? I could never consent to anything so utterly absurd."

"She might do well there, maybe, for all that if she chose to go," said Mr. Sayler, bluntly. He did not exactly relish the peremptory tone. Roy's eyes, too, flashed rebelliously as he said with an accent as cool and firm as Mrs. Bruner's own, "Please to remember, mother, that Nathalie isn't a child."

"I haven't forgotten it," returned Mrs. Bruner, pleasantly, resolved, like a prudent general, to change her tactics a little. "I haven't forgotten it, but I think your sister has too much confidence in her mother to undertake a journey like that without first consulting me," which smooth reply had the effect of placing both Roy and Mr. Sayler at a disadvantage, as she intended it should.

But Mrs. Bruner was mistaken in one thing. Nathalie fully intended to go on this journey, and she *did* not intend to consult her mother in regard to it. What use was there in encountering all that needless opposition? And she *must* go. In that lay her only hope of safety. So, three days later, going to the town of Ludlow, six miles distant on an errand for her mother, she called at Mr. Sayler's house and made all necessary arrangements with them, explaining that she was of legal age, and therefore her own mistress, and had some money of her own; "A thousand dollars, left me by my father. It is deposited in my own name in a St. Louis bank, and I can draw it when I like. I shall be ready to start with you in ten days." All this as quietly as if it were not the first time she had ever deliberately determined to go counter to her mother's wishes.

A week passed quickly away. She had seen George Vandermark twice in that time. Once when riding by the house he had doffed his hat and bowed low to her as he passed, regardless of Mrs. Bruner's stony stare—he would not be annihilated just then—and again when meeting her suddenly in the road one evening he had come up to her with outstretched hands and that look in his eyes that she was most of all afraid of, and she had glided away from him like a spirit, leaving him to wonder if Nathalie had really grown afraid of him. Well, it was hard, only the good God above knew *how* hard, for her to avoid him in that way. And all the while she was longing with a hunger that was like death for one sight of his face, one touch of his lips. Ah! weak heart! *so* weak, yet strong enough to renounce all.

Three days more went quickly, and the few preparations indispensable to be made were completed. There was nothing now but to tell them all of her purpose and get Roy to take her with her trunks to Ludlow, where Mr. Sayler and his wife were awaiting her.

Mrs. Bruner listened in cool incredulity.

"Of course you will do nothing of the sort, Nathalie. You are crazy to think of it." Mrs. Bruner's decisions having always been like those famous Medo-Persian laws—unchangeable—she was surprised that Nathalie had even *thought* of persisting in any plan after *she* had expressed her dissent. "Don't you remember that I told you that night that I would never consent to anything so foolish?"

"I remember, mother. But I am going. I shall be in Ludlow at noon, and take the packet for Saint Louis to-night."

Quiet words quietly spoken—but they struck Mrs. Bruner dumb for an instant. It was something altogether new for her authority to be set aside in this way, and the underlying hardness in her nature came out on her face as she said:

"I forbid it. I am your mother, your rightful guardian, and I shall prevent you from taking this imprudent step."

"No one can prevent me. I was twenty-one three months ago."

That was true, though. Mrs. Bruner had forgotten it for the moment. They looked steadily into each other's faces—those two women—Nathalie's grave and impassive; and Mrs. Bruner was silent, seeing at last how useless all opposition must be. Nathalie was surely going, and it was out of her power to prevent it. I think maybe the thought came to her then how lonely the house would be when she was gone—the one daughter who had been with her always.

As for Roy he had kept silence. Perhaps he remembered that night when he had found Nathalie in the garden with his own knife in her hand, and that desperate look on her face, and remembering, was not so much surprised now. I believe, too, that he guessed more of the truth than Mrs. Bruner with all her woman's intuition had discovered.

She turned to him. "You will take me up to Ludlow, Roy?"

"Yes, Nathalie, if you wish to go. But I want to speak to you first. Come out here," drawing her away out of the range of Mrs. Bruner's keen eyes, out into the warm September sunlight. And then he made her sit down, and he was shaking all over, this young Hercules, as he took her head between his two hands and bent down and kissed her—he had never done it before since they were wee children together.

"Little sister, is it best to go away off to the other side of the world in this way?"

What was it she saw in his glance that made her draw her arm up over his shoulder with a quick, fond movement?

"I *must* go, Roy." To all that he could say she had but this one answer—"I shall go. I *must* go, Roy," and at last he ceased to urge her, seeing how useless it was. "I shall remember you always, Roy, my one good brother."

He went away then to harness the horses as she had asked him to do, and Nathalie got up slowly and passed into the house and up to her little attic room.

By-and-by Mrs. Bruner followed.

Nathalie had changed her dress and was folding the last garment away in her trunk. She placed a chair for her mother, and went on with her work without speaking. For the space of five minutes there was utter silence, broken at last by Mrs. Bruner.

"It is all so strange and sudden."

"Not to me, mother. I have been preparing for two weeks past."

"And did not tell me."

"I knew you would oppose me. And it was easier to work without opposition."

"Nathalie, will you tell me *why* you are going?"

She was kneeling on the floor, turning the key in the lock of the last trunk. When it was done she stood up, and in all her life Mrs. Bruner had never looked upon a whiter face than Nathalie's was then.

"No, mother, I can't tell you why I am going." That was all she said.

A horseman was going by just then—a horseman who lifted his hat courteously as he passed—George Vandermark. Mrs. Bruner looked from one to the other; from the fine looking man who had stopped to speak to Roy, to Nathalie in bonnet and travelling-dress, and a dark suspicion crossed her mind.

"Nathalie, is George Vandermark going to California, too?"

It was like a woman, that last stab, and yet she did not mean to hurt her so cruelly. She was half desperate herself, and did not pause to think. But Mrs. Bruner never forgot to her dying day, the expression on Nathalie's face when she heard it. Not pale, for she could not be whiter than she was before—nor red, for the insult had gone too deep for that—but the *stricken* look of one "wounded unto death in the house of his friends."

"No one but you, mother, would have asked me that question. George Vandermark is not going to California. I am going because I cannot forget that I once hoped to be his wife." No anger or impatience, only that weary quiet.

I think Mrs. Bruner saw then the work she had wrought, as she will see it in the light of the judgment day.

What was there left for these two but to say good-by and part; one to stay, keeping the memory of what she had done with her for company;—the other to wander afar, bereft of all womanly hopes and aims, praying only that she might never again look upon the home she was leaving behind.

By-and-by Nathalie went down and out to the gate where Roy was putting her trunks into the wagon and George Vandermark was waiting for her. He had dismounted, and he stepped forward to meet her as she approached, never once looking at Mrs. Bruner, who stood there half conscious of a desperate hope that the man might still have influence enough over Nathalie to prevent her from going. Vain hope!"

If Roy, in the midst of his own trouble had been secretly fearful of a "scene" that fear was speedily set at rest. George Vandermark's thirty-six years had taught him self-control, and

the hand that Nathalie gave him did not tremble. His own closed over it like a vice, and the strong, masterful face was full of keenest remorse as he bent down to her ear whispering hoarsely,

"Child, child, I never meant to do anything like this. You shall stay, and I will go."

She looked up at him, wearily.

"No. You have a family, and I—want to get away from here—away from—"

"From yourself and me! I know. You are afraid of me. And yet I would not harm a hair of your head, my little Nathalie."

If at any time she had doubted the necessity of the step she was about to take, she doubted no longer—now as she felt in every pulsing heart-beat the power this man still had over her. He would not help her. They would none of them help her. She must fight the battle unaided, and not unaided merely, but against them all. Well, so be it.

"Remember me to your wife, Mr. Vandermark, and—good-by. Good-by, mother."

There were no tears or kisses at this strange parting; but I think the *hearts* of some there were weeping tears of blood.

She stood up an instant in the wagon to look back at the house, and the sloping garden, and the grassy yard lying warm under the September sunlight; and the dog, *her* dog that she had petted from a puppy, watching her through the bars of the fence, and those two human figures in the foreground, one shading her eyes with her hand, the other standing still where she had left him.

That was the picture she carried away with her to St. Louis, where our *voyageurs* procured complete outfits, and thence by the great Santa Fe route across the plains.

AN ANNIVERSARY.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY J. R. R.

Just twenty years ago, Mary,
The world was robed in light;
The dew-drops round our pathway,
And the stars were doubly bright.

Just twenty years ago, Mary,
Your hand was clasped in mine,
And love in fairest garlands
Our happy hearts did twine.

Just twenty years ago, love,
We roamed on sunny hills;
The woods were filled with music,
And the brooks were purling rills—

The clouds that floated o'er us
Were fringed with golden light;
Upon their wings they bore us
Where the sun is always bright.

The world was then a little speck,
Far in the distant view—
The world with which—O hard, rough world!—
We've since had much to do.

The tears are in our eyes, Mary,
Our hearts are worn with care,
And trials past have *fallen fast*,
But none that we could spare.

For He who loves us better knows
Than we can ever know,
With sorrow when to fill our cup,
With joy to overflow.

And we have buried lovely ones,
And some are with us still;
Our Father blesses when He takes,
And blessed be His will.

We loitered so along the way,
God saw it would not do;
The angels took them in their arms,
And then to Heaven flew:
Now through the crystal casements
They look at me and you.

Their happy faces part the cloud
That spreads a veil between us;
They wonder at our downcast eyes;
They whisper—"Haven't you seen us?"

They came and nestled by our side;
Our hearts were full of cheer;
They heard the songs of Heaven,
And we could not keep them HERE.

But we shall know their voices,
Among the angel band,
And they will haste to greet us,
In the celestial land.

Dark clouds may lower around us,
But stars are bright above;
Those heavenly constellations
Are types of Heaven's love.

To Him who has sustained us,
And watches o'er our way,
And pours so many blessings
Upon us every day—
We'll give our heart's best service—
The VERY BEST WE MAY.

Women and Lightning.

A studious gentleman, in Paris, named Boudin, has lately occupied himself with statistics of persons killed by lightning, and he declares that ladies should no longer be afraid of the electric fluid, as, in comparison with men, they only suffer from it in the rate of twenty-eight to one hundred. One might be inclined to attribute this difference in mortality to a certain habit of going into cellars, but M. Boudin assures us that lightning exhibits a marked predilection for the male sex, and, where a man and woman are walking together, the man is invariably the sufferer. It is to be hoped that Professor Boudin will some day give an explanation of this remarkable phenomenon, and, if his gallantry will permit, make known how the partiality may be corrected.

JEWELLED BUTTERFLIES.—At a recent ball at the Tuileries, the three Graces, not only as to beauty, but also as to dress, were decidedly the Empress of the French, the Princess Hohenzollern, and the Princess Metternich. Her Majesty wore a robe of white tulle, sprinkled with jewelled butterflies of all shades. The Imperial *toilette de bal* was completed by a butterfly in diamonds, in the centre of her Majesty's diadem, and two similarly brilliant butterflies for the breast and the waistband buckle. The Princess Hohenzollern displayed a robe of blue tulle, trimmed with English point lace; and the Princess Metternich's dress was in black tulle, enlivened by small bouquets of the most beautiful roses.

MISS ROSA NIGHTSHADE.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY AUNT ALICE.

Our village paper was not usually very interesting, but it created quite a sensation one morning. It was called the "Prairie Chicken," and the editor was such a wild, flighty sort of a youngster that we thought it well named. The particular interest on the morning mentioned was caused by the following advertisement:

"WANTED.

"A bashful young girl who has never come out in society, wishes to make the acquaintance of a young gentleman as bashful as herself. She wishes to receive but one answer to this, and that one must be in earnest, giving his real name and address; she will then tell him where he can meet ROSA NIGHTSHADE."

Is it wonderful that our young men were interested in this? Our store-keepers were laughing over it and pointing it out to fair customers. The clerks were thinking of it and wondering who the fair Rosa could be.

Now we had not over twenty young men in town, and not half so many girls. So you may know the latter received plenty of attention. The younger portion of our young gentlemen did not have a fair chance, the girls would not go with them, called them boys, and quite looked down on them. There was Frank Crane, the only son of our principal merchant, nineteen years of age, and very good looking; but his moustache was invisible, so the girls preferred to walk or ride with James Dawson, his father's clerk.

Dan Holliway, the tall cooper, was preferred to Henry Crawford, the Judge's son, only for the same reason, as Henry was not yet twenty. The "striplings," as the young ladies called them, were all excited over the startling advertisement. Here might be a chance for one of them. The elder ones would not notice it, they thought they had no need to do so.

Henry Crawford could think of nothing but the bashful Rosa. 'Tis said "a fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind," and poor Henry was willing to meet the retiring lady half way. So he got up his courage and wrote her a note and threw it into the post-office box that very night. He was frightened half out of his wits after the deed was done, and was so pale and restless the next morning that his mother thought him ill, and insisted on his keeping his room, but Henry felt that he must go out in town to learn all that was said of the advertisement. He lingered about the stores, heard many ladies laughing over the affair, and asking the clerks if they had written to Miss Nightshade, &c.

Not they! "They would keep clear of such a bold piece, she would not get their names," they answered the girls.

Henry felt it as a personal insult, to hear the innocent Rosa spoken of in such a manner; it was cruel. He knew what it was to be bashful, and felt for her.

"Oh, she's some old maid," said Dan Holliway, "she will not get me in her net;" while James Dawson wondered aloud if any fool would be queer enough to write to her.

Henry felt certain that he alone had ventured, and he had full faith in the lady.

The next day when the mail was brought in to his father's office he chanced to be there alone; and there, sure enough, was a letter for him.

He read it quickly, his heart beating the while, it ran thus:

"Thanks, kind sir, for your trust in me. You, and you alone, are the one I have wished to hear from. I have not asked you to meet me in any house in this gossiping town, as we might be watched. I expect to take a trip to St. Louis, on the steamer Dove; the boat will be here next Saturday evening. If you will come on board at half-past eight o'clock you will meet your

"ROSA NIGHTSHADE."

"*His* Rosa Nightshade; delicious thought! But here was a postscript:

"P. S. Inquire very cautiously of the colored steward."

Oh, yes, that was all plain; and this was Friday, only one more day to wait. But it was a long day to the eager Henry.

He met Frank Crane during the day, but neither of them spoke of Miss Nightshade. Henry *knew* the older boys would not think of writing to the unknown lady, but he had feared that Frank might venture, as he had been snubbed by the girls in town as well as himself. "No, he was safe—had she not said that he, and he alone, was the favored one?"

He took the precious letter from his breast pocket, and read it again. "Dear girl," he thought, "I love her already." He felt certain that Jim and Dan would yet envy him.

Saturday night came at last, dark and rainy. "The Dove" had gone up in the morning, and would be back at the landing on its way down the river by seven o'clock. Henry put on his best suit, and was all ready by five o'clock. He dared not go out of his room until it was quite dark, for fear his fine clothes might be noticed; he sat in his room when the boat's whistle sounded, and his heart thumped audibly. The rain came down in torrents, but he found an umbrella in the hall, as he crept cautiously to the front door.

Out in the street many people were moving about, some with lanterns, others in darkness, all going down to the river.

It was customary for half the men and boys to go down to every boat that landed; so Henry went on unnoticed in the darkness. Arriving at the landing the crowd stopped, for the boat hands were busy rolling on freight; the wet, slippery planks were not very safe, and the hands had possession of it. Henry watched his chance and followed a man with a sack on his shoulder, but another loaded in the same manner came up behind him, and purposely crowded past. Henry slipped from the plank and rolled down the muddy bank to the very edge of the river.

The work hands cheered him as he gathered himself up and regained the top of the steep bank where the planks rested. He could not see the damage done to his black suit, as the bright clay marks were mostly on his back; his hat was jammed, his umbrella gone. More careful this time, he walked steadily on and gained the cabin. It was dimly lighted and wholly deserted. Taking a seat by the stove, he drew a newspaper from his pocket and began rubbing the mud from his soiled boots.

A crowd had gathered in the office, or smoking room, and Henry thought he could distinguish many familiar voices.

He walked to the door leading out on the guards; it was dark there, only a faint glimmer from the fire on the bank where the men were at work, still Henry could see dark forms here and there on the guard, each one standing alone, as if avoiding company.

Going back to the stove, he looked longingly towards the ladies' cabin, but the folding doors were shut. Was his Rosa there, waiting for him?

Soon a light appeared at the little window of the steward's room; he approached it, and on the inside stood an old white-headed negro. "Want me, sar?" inquired the old man. Henry gave him his card and said, "Can I see Miss Nightshade?" "I will see, sar; keep out of sight if you can, sar, till I calls you," was the reply. The window was closed, and the old negro kept Henry standing there, and went out on the guard. Dark as it was, Henry could see him stop a moment near each dark form, then pass on to the next. But what of that, he was very cautious, of course, and must not go right on to the ladies' cabin. So Henry kept out of sight, but waited anxiously for the return of the steward.

Soon a small boy came up to Henry and said: "Please walk into the ladies' cabin when the doors are thrown open." Then he, too, slipped away in the dim light. Henry trembled from head to foot; his hour had come; he had not been recognized by any of the town's people, although he knew that many were on board the boat. The gentlemen's cabin had not yet been lighted, but quite a number of men had come in, and more were coming, yet how silent it was! Not a word spoken by any one.

As he thought of this the doors at the end of the saloon were thrown open, and a blaze of light in the ladies' cabin made all bright within. Henry advanced, paying no attention to the crowd following at his heels, his thoughts were all of Rosa. Right under the chandelier, behind the centre table, stood an old man with a veiled lady hanging on his arm. Henry reached the table before he looked up; then the old man, raising his hand, as if to command silence, raised his venerable head, and displayed the black face of the colored steward!

"Gentlemen," he said, grinning from ear to ear, and drawing the long veil from the graceful form by his side, "this is Miss Rosa Nightshade! Say we are even now, my good fellows, and leave the boat as quick as you can, for the last bell is ringing."

"A negress, by thunder," said a voice by Henry's side. "A sell, a sell," cried James Day, turning to run, while the young black girl grinned, simpered and courtsied to the crowd of young admirers who had come at her call.

Such an uproar was seldom heard. The boat bell ringing, the young men swearing, the steward bidding them come forward and salute Miss Nightshade, the girl herself showing her white teeth, the passengers crowding up to see the fun, the mate urging all to leave the boat who did not wish to take a trip down the river, and the captain, innocent of the trick, uncertain whether to laugh or scold, and our young men caught in the trap only anxious to make their escape.

Poor Henry was perfectly thunderstruck at first, but when he found that he was not the only victim, he became as noisy as the others; stepping forward, he offered his battered and muddy hat to Miss Rosa, and turning, fled as if for life from the boat, followed by his companions. Out of our twenty young gents, eighteen had answered the advertisement of Miss Nightshade, each one thinking that he alone was the favored one, their answers being precisely the same.

How they reached the shore they did not know; one plank had been drawn in, the other was wet and unsafe, and our youngsters rolled, tumbled, scrambled, urged on by the shouts from the men on board.

The Dove moved out into the stream and went puffing away down the river, bearing Miss Rosa and her venerable protector away from the enamored swains.

There was an oyster supper that night in the back room of one of our stores, and very exhilirating those oysters must have been, to have caused all that shouting and uproar.

There were some red eyes at church the next day, not caused by the sermon, and an inclination to laugh, if eye met eye.

The whole story came out, it was too good to keep, and our young men were ever after more united, the elder ones giving way that their younger companions might have a fair chance in ladies' society; the latter feeling that they need not fear the girls after facing Miss Nightshade.

It came out when all was explained that the old colored steward of the Dove had a grudge against some of our young men, for some tricks they had played him while the boat lay at our landing, and he had determined to pay them off.

He hired a smart lad at our hotel to put in the advertisement and answer notes, and then coaxed the niece of the black chambermaid to act the part of Miss Rosa, by giving her the fine dress and veil in which she appeared before her adorers.

Frank Crane had the worst of it; he was so fearful of being observed that he kept out of sight, and only looked in at the back windows in time to witness the grand tableau, and not heeding the warning bell, was far out in the stream before he was aware that the boat was in motion. The captain knew his father well, and put him ashore at the next landing. Frank did not get home till Sunday evening. He was met by his uproarious companions, and taxed with following the "fair Rosa."

The "Prairie Chicken" contained an interesting story the next week.

A STRANGE story is told of two sisters at Berlin. About three years ago one of these young ladies was engaged to be married, but on the bridal morning became so ill that she could not possibly go to the church. The bridegroom was a desirable one, and was a fish who, it seems, had not been easily hooked. There was, therefore, great danger in delay, so instead of postponing the marriage the second sister, covering herself with a long veil, personated the first, and duly went through the ceremony. The moment it was over she transferred the bridal dress and ornaments to her sister, who, in her innocence, was thus considered to have all proper claim to this husband she had married by proxy. It is only recently that a discovery has been made of the real facts, and proceedings are to be taken not only in the civil, but in the criminal courts of Berlin.

☞ Great men direct the events of their time; wise men take advantage of them. Weak men are carried along in their current.

GOOD-BYE.

BY M. W. T.

Never again shall I sit in the gloaming,
Hushing and stilling the beat of my heart,
For the quick tread that announces thy coming,
Never again the swift blushes will start.

When mid the darkness that surges around me,
Vainly I look for the promise of light,
How shall I long for the love that once crowned me,
Ere on my soul fell the blackness of night.

Turn where I will, there are pleasure and gladness,
Music's soft flow, and joys almost divine,
Radiant eyes that seem mocking my sadness,
Over the flow of their amber-hued wine.

Beautiful forms are whirled by in the dances,
Faces that flash on me out of a dream!
Shine, ye bright jewels, and yet brighter glances,
Melt my cold heart with your glittering beams!

Coldly I roam mid the glow and the glitter,
Careless of splendors that weary me so,
Feeling, alas! that my heart has grown bitter
Under its burden of sorrow and woe.

Still I must stifle my moans and my sighing,
Deck my wan face in the ghost of a smile,
Chatter and sing while my hopes are all lying
Dead in the depths of my bosom the while.

Little they think when my laugh rings the lightest,
Of the torn heart that is beating below;
Or, when the rose on my cheek burns the brightest,
Little they dream 'tis despair feeds the glow.

Never again shall I wander beside thee
Through the loved scenes where bright memories dwell:
Blessings attend thee, whatever betide thee,
'Tis my heart's prayer as I murmur—farewell.

Wonderful Properties of Figures.

Though figures constitute a universal language among the civilized nations of the earth, and maintain such an exalted character for honesty and truth that it has passed into a proverb that "figures cannot lie;" yet they are treated as the mere slaves of calculation, without any regard for that respect and consideration to which their peculiar qualities entitle them. To rescue them from the degradation of being looked upon as mere conveniences, let us see if they are not possessed of certain intrinsic properties which shall excite our wonder and admiration.

Few people have a clear conception of even "a million of dollars." Mr. Longworth, who recently died at Cincinnati, was said to be worth fifteen millions of dollars. How many days would it take to count that sum, at the rate of fifty dollars a minute, working steadily ten hours each day? While some are guessing four or five days, another a week, another two weeks or a month, the operation may be made mentally. Fifteen millions divided by fifty gives three hundred thousand minutes; divided by sixty gives five thousand hours; divided by ten gives five hundred days! An answer which is sure to strike your guessers with amazement; a remarkable instance of the difference between guessing and thinking.

The powers of the human understanding are limited. The increase of figures has no limits. Our knowledge of numbers, therefore, must necessarily be limited. But, like every other subject, the more we study and think about it, the more we shall know. A distinguished philosopher, to whom the world is indebted for some of the grandest truths of science, has said that, without any extraordinary endowment of mind, by thinking long and deeply on this subject, point after point gradually unfolded itself to his mental vision, until he was able to comprehend the mighty laws which control the universe.

The child who has learned to count as far as three, has an idea of that number; but the number thirteen is quite beyond his comprehension. The savage gets along very well with his arithmetic, so long as he is not required to go beyond the numeration of his fingers and toes; but any greater number quite bewilders his imagination, and, in despair, he refers to the hairs of the head, leaves of the forest, or the sands on the sea-shore, to express his overwhelming sense of its magnitude. Every young student of history has laughed at the extreme simplicity and ignorance of the Indian whom Powhatan sent to England to see the country and find out how many people were there. As soon as the shores of England were reached, the "poor Indian" procured a long stick and commenced to cut a notch on it for every one he saw. Of course, he was soon obliged to stop.

On his return, Powhatan, among many questions, asked how many people he had seen. "Count the stars in the sky," was the reply, "the leaves on the trees, or the sands on the shore; for such is the number of the English." Perhaps this untutored child of the forest was not so very far astray after all; for the stars in both hemispheres, visible to the naked eye, do not exceed the number of ten thousand. The hairs of the head and the leaves of the trees may be easily counted, and the sands of the sea-shore are by no means innumerable.

POWER OF CIPHERS.

The enlightened man may have a clear understanding of thousands, and even millions; but much beyond that he can form no distinct idea. A simple example, and one easily solved, will illustrate the observation. If all the vast bodies of water that cover nearly three-fourths of the whole surface of the globe were emptied, drop by drop, into one grand reservoir, the whole number of drops could be written by the two words, "eighteen septillions," and expressed in figures by annexing twenty-four ciphers to the number 18(18,000,000,000,000,000,000,000,000). Man might as well attempt to explore the bounds of eternity, as to form any rational idea of the units embodied in the expression above; for, although the aggregate of drops is indicated by figures in the space of only one inch and a half of ordinary print, yet, if each particular drop were noted by a separate stroke like the figure 1, it would form a line of marks sufficiently long to wind round the sun six thousand billions of times!

Now, observe, if you please, the marvellous power or value which the ciphers, insignificant by themselves, give to the significant figures 18. The young reader will be surprised to learn that the use of the cipher to determine the value of any particular figure, which is now practiced by every schoolboy, was unknown to the ancients. Therefore, among the Greeks and Romans, and other nations of antiquity, arithmetical operations were exceedingly tedious and difficult. They had to reckon with little pebbles, shells, or beads, used as counters, to transact the ordinary business of life. Even the great Cicero, in his oration for Roscius, the actor, in order to express 300,000, had to make use of the very awkward and cumbrous notation, CCCIↃↃↃ CCCIↃↃↃ CCCIↃↃↃ. How very odd this seems—"in the year of our Lord MDCCCLXVI!" (1866.)

Many curious and interesting things might be said concerning the history of numerical characters used in ancient and modern times; but, not to prolong this article, they must be reserved for some future occasion.

CURIOUS CALCULATIONS.

The simple interest of *one cent*, at six per cent. per annum, from the commencement of the Christian era to the close of the year 1864, would be but the trifling sum of one dollar, eleven cents, and eight mills; but if the same principal, at the same rate and time had been allowed to accumulate at compound interest, it would require the enormous number of 84,840 billions of globes of solid gold, each equal to the earth in magnitude, to pay the interest; and if the sum were equally divided among the inhabitants of the earth, now estimated to be one thousand millions, every man, woman, and child would receive 84,840 golden worlds for an inheritance. Were all these globes placed side by side in a direct line, it would take lightning itself, that can girdle the earth in the wink of an eye, 73,000 years to travel from end to end. And if a Parrot-gun were discharged at one extremity, while a man was stationed at the other,—light travelling one hundred and ninety-two thousand miles in a second—the initial velocity of a cannon-ball being about 1,800 feet per second, and in this case supposed to continue at the same rate, and sound moving through the atmosphere 1,120 feet in a second,—he would see the flash after waiting one hundred and ten thousand years; the ball would reach him in seventy-four billions of years; but he would not hear the report till the end of one thousand millions of centuries.

The present system of figures is called the Arabic method, but it should be more properly termed the Indian method, because it had its origin among the Hindoos of India, from whom the Arabs learned it; and they, in turn, carried the art into Spain, where they practiced it during their long occupation of that country.

The publication of their astronomical tables, in the form of almanacs, was the principal means of gradually spreading it abroad among the surrounding nations; but so slow was the progress, that it was not generally established until about the middle of the sixteenth century.

Washington and the Horse.

The following incident is related in Mr. Custis's Recollections of Washington:—The blooded horse was a Virginia favorite of those days, as well as these. The mother, fond of the animal to which her deceased husband had always been particularly attached, had preserved the race in its greatest purity, and at the time of our story, possessed several young horses of superior promise. One there was, a sorrel, destined to be famous, (and for much better reason than the horse which a brutal emperor raised to the dignity of consul). This sorrel was of a fierce and ungovernable nature, and resisted all attempts to subject him to the rein. He had reached his full size and vigor, unconscious of a rider, and ranged as free as air, which he snuffed in triumph, tossing his mane to the winds, and spurning the earth, in the pride of his freedom. It was a matter of common remark, that a man never would be found hardy enough to back and ride this vicious horse. Several had essayed, but deterred by the fury of the animal, they had desisted from their attempts, and the steed remained unbroken. The young Washington proposed to his companions, that if they would assist him in confining the steed, so that a bridle could be placed in his mouth, he would engage to tame this terror of the parish. Accordingly, early the ensuing morning, the associates decoyed the horse into an enclosure, where they secured him and forced a bit into his mouth. Bold, vigorous, and young, the daring chief sprang to his unenvied back, and bidding his comrades remove their tackle, the indignant courser rushed to the plain. As if disdaining his burden, he at first attempted to fly, but soon felt the power of an arm which could have tamed his Arab grandsires, in wildest course, on their native deserts. The struggle now became terrific to the beholders, who almost wished they had not joined in an enterprise so likely to be fatal to their daring associate. But the youthful hero, that "spirit-protected man," clung to the furious steed, till, Centaur like, he appeared to make part of the animal itself. Long was the conflict, and the fears of the associates became more relieved as, with matchless skill, the rider preserved his seat, and with matchless force controlled the courser's rage, when the gallant horse, summoning all his power to one mighty effort, reared, and plunged with tremendous violence, burst his noble heart, and died in an instant! The rider, alive, unharmed, and without a wound, was joined by the youthful group, and all gazed upon the generous steed, which now prostrate, trailed in dust the honors of his name; while from his distended nostrils gushed in torrents the life blood that a moment before had swollen in his veins. The first surprise was scarcely over, with a "what's to be done? who shall tell this tale?" when the party was summoned to the morning's meal. A conversation the most mal-apropos to the youthful culprits, became introduced by the matron's asking, "Pray, young gentlemen, have you seen my blooded colts in your rambles? I hope they are well taken care of: my favorite, I am told, is as large as his sire." Considerable embarrassment being observable, the lady repeated her question, when George Washington replied, "Your favorite, the sorrel is dead, madam." "Dead!" exclaimed the lady, "why, how has this happened?" Nothing dismayed, the chief continued, "That sorrel horse has long been considered ungovernable, and beyond the power of man to back or ride him; this morning, aided by my friends, we forced a bit into his mouth—I backed him—I rode him—and in a desperate struggle for the mastery, he fell under me, and died on the spot." The hectic of a moment was observed to blush upon the matron's cheek; but, like a summer cloud, it soon passed away, and all was serene and tranquil, when she remarked, "It is well: but while I regret the loss of my favorite, I rejoice in my son, who always speaks the truth."

GENIUS.—A distinguished teacher defines genius to be the power of making efforts.

South American Civilization.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,

BY COSMO.

Chilean Contradictions—Andean Eccentricities—Land Waves—A Solemn Defile—A Fairy View—Plateau Farming—Fine Fruits—A Catalan Community.

That portion of Chile lying between the parallels of 34 and 40 degrees, and taking about the seventieth degree of longitude west, is an absolute bundle of contradictions.

Nature, as well as history, every now and then repeats herself, and here in this narrow, far southern, elevated strip of Andean region, nature becomes Protean, and contradictory in her frequent repetitions, until nature's order is clouded with chaotic confusion.

While in the latitude of 42 deg. south, we find the Andean snow line to be something above 6,000 feet, and in that of 33 deg. about 15,000; here, taking, say about the 38th parallel as the centre, and the line of snow dips abruptly down to a less altitude than it has at 42 deg., and yet notwithstanding this low line of snow, we find the climate milder, more equitable, and the mean temperature considerably warmer than that of regions having the same altitude, five degrees nearer the Equator.

Throughout the greater part of this mountain belt of territory, three hundred and sixty miles in length, and varying in width from fifty to seventy, the average probably being very nearly sixty, at every mile in whatever direction one goes he meets atmospheric, botanic, geologic, zoologic, and on every hand all manner of antilogical contradictions and repetitions of features he has seen somewhere else; but never under exactly such conditions and complications as he meets them here.

The tropical character of the equatorial and torrid climates is represented in the Andean valleys of southern Chile by twenty or more varieties of trees and shrubs, while the woods of North America are reproduced and represented by a hundred trees and plants under other names, or as likely, under no name at all—the juniper, larch, spruce and pine, only a little changed in structure, all mingling and growing in close companionship.

In the cleared spaces and under cultivation, the flowers, fruits and grains of the tropical and temperate zones are represented in kind, or very like, thriving in near companionship, and often actually intermingled.

At one mile of our progress we meet with an upheaved mass of unstratified rock barring our way. Avoiding it, in the next mile we come upon a clear case of fossiliferous rock formation, that for aught we know may be a thousand feet in thickness. Next beyond it we come to a band of igneous rocks—among them Plutonic and Volcanic formations—here cropping out in "trap" of granite, there in Basalt and green stone. Here we have metamorphic puzzles in Gneiss rock, changed from its early condition of muddy sediment by intense volcanic heat into—almost granite. At the next turn comes Aqueous rocks—some filled full of fossils—stone specimens of five thousand beasts, birds, fishes, and reptiles, of species now extinct; others containing petrifactions of animals now living, but inhabiting only the northern temperate zone; while mingled all in among these fossil wonders we find detached territories of various slates, marble, flint, lime and sand stones, with here and there ledges of chalky clay, full of microscopic shells, and salt as sea water itself.

I should like to hear of our great geological *savant*, now exploring the interior of Brazil, having wandered down into this belt of southern Andean region, if only to see if it is possible for even an Agassiz to subject the contradictions he would there encounter to his *glacial* rule.

While the general latitudinal slope of the Andes from about the parallel of thirty-two is always to the southward, in the large majority of instances, the individual slopes of both the ridges and valleys throughout the greater part of that portion of the Andean region between the parallels of thirty-six and thirty-nine, a distance of nearly two hundred miles, all the gradual inclinations are towards the north, always in curved surfaces, with an abrupt southern period, terminating in a precipice or ledge on that side, the elevations varying from five to five hundred feet, in some cases perpendicular, in others overhanging; but in most having a broken, abrupt descent on that side. Perhaps the best possible idea that can be got of these singular slopes is to take a very good picture of the ocean in a storm, or what is better, the ocean itself, and the long, sweeping waves, rising gradually, curved downwards on the windward surface, the base almost flat—rising the angle of ascent more and more as the wave rolls on and keeps up its mass of water higher above the ocean level, until its leeward verge finally becoming a crest, breaks into a feathery surging foam, and plunges down, a precipitous, confused mass.

The appearance of these singular slopes suggests the idea of a sea of aqueous earth and rock at this immense elevation, driven by a furious northern gale into long, undulating waves, cresting finally, and breaking down in cascades exactly in the manner of ocean breakers.

The "dip" of all the stratified rocks of the region inclines in every direction, often within the area of a single mile, showing such confusion of inclination as if the whole mass had been pitched in promiscuously upon the surface of our planet from some other world, without one atom of regard to law or order.

I have remarked that in the vegetable creation nature repeats herself, as frequently as in everything else pertaining to this particular region. Upon consideration, I believe that Madam Nature has taken the singular fancy to try her best skill at repetition and variety in the vegetable kingdom, up there in that semi-Alpine, semi-tropical, always temperate, and everlastingly delightful mountain region. Let us take a brief view of a single day's actual observation taken within a stretch of less than seven leagues.

Getting to saddle at sunrise one bright, lovely morning, when our journey from Santiago had been spun out to the tenth day in accomplishing less than fifty leagues—so many things new, novel and wonderful betrayed us to linger, investigate, and admire—we took a narrow defile almost as straight as a line could have been drawn, the course due south-west, the passage between two prehistoric waves of soil, rising gradually from the north in inclined planes, growing precipitous as we progressed—on the right hand a perpendicular wall of fossiliferous rock; on the left, thirty yards distant, another wall of Plutonic Basalt, variegated with green stone that in appearance was almost emerald—the gorge, all the while gently descending, and growing deeper by the increasing elevations of the walls on either hand, was grown thick with tall trees of many varieties, all with arrowy trunks, their dense foliage above shutting out so much of day, that our march in single file, following the wavy track through the walled in wood, was a silent, solemn, twilight procession.

The pass might have been two leagues in length, and occupied quite three hours in threading it; and when we at-length broke cover, coming out all at once from the dim defile, the scene that burst as it were in a moment upon our sight, was more like that of some fairy enchantment than any Andean picture we had ever looked upon.

There was before us a *platoon* of inclined cultivated plateaus, rising in waves from the north, exactly in the same manner as the two between which we had just passed, but less abrupt in ascent, and twenty times less in area. I have called the collective plateaus a *platoon*, because they spread out across a space between two elevated parallel ridges more than three miles across, at least a dozen of them, their feet towards us all in a line as regular as the toes of a platoon of well-drilled soldiers on dress parade. Between these individual *steppes*, were narrow wooded passes, along the bottom of which ran streams of pure cold water, having their spring sources at the base of the two greater ledges in our rear.

The first feature of the novel landscape was itself a novelty—a wide fringe of fruit and nut bearing trees, all mingled in promiscuous confusion, was next us at the base of the platoon of plateaus. There were orange, tamarind, and date trees, the first we had seen since leaving Mendoza—all in vigorous growth and bounteous bearing. Then there were pear, peach, plum, apricot, and trees of the delicious Cordovian quince, all ladened with fruit—the first seen since we left Santiago.

Within the belt of fruit trees was growing on the lower slopes, famous tobacco, superior Indigo, Millet melons, and as fine potatoes, both Irish and sweet—white, yellow, red, *mumiallas* and yams, as were ever eaten. Above these were peas, beans, Indian corn, cabbages; and further up the slopes, cotton, with here and there, ornamented trees, in groups and singly, both evergreen and deciduous; with beautiful grassy carpets between forming elegant, sloping lawns.

Behind, or rather above these lawns, towards the termination of the plateaus, were white adobe, red tiled-roofed cottages, with neat outbuildings, each group forming a pretty miniature village, the whole a row of villages in a straight line across the wide valley, each standing separately on its own plateau, and the whole connected by a series of bridges of simple South American architecture, but strong and secure, thrown across the ravines.

Many of the proprietors, both men and women, and their offsprings, boys and girls, were a field, and cultivating their various crops; and mingling with them we soon became as intimate as we were welcome, and an invitation from the united population to spend the remainder of the day and night, and as much longer as we would, being promptly accepted, our horses were taken in charge by numerous youngsters who soon tethered them on the lawns in capital pasturage, and a half holiday being proclaimed, in an hour we were entirely at home among our new friends.

Here we learned some entirely new features in South American Civilization. The people whom we had thus unexpectedly made the acquaintance of were neither semi-savages or Roman Catholics, though Spaniards, or the descendants of Spaniards. Originally their ancestors came from Catalonia in Old Spain, and down to that day they had maintained all the provincialisms of their forefathers and mothers intact, though a hundred and fifty years had elapsed since they had abjured the Roman Catholic faith, established a religion that was a simple sort of Methodism, and schools in which their children were better taught than we had ever seen children elsewhere in South America.

The day and night was passed as pleasantly as it could have been under any circumstances anywhere, and on the following morning after breakfast, we went our way with many an Adios—and *Dios Vas garde.*"

In the next seven leagues of our journey, we passed six tiers of the cultivated plateaus, all inhabited by these Catalon, Chilene reformers.

Marriage in High Life.

The English papers state that Lady Gwendoline H. Maur, the young and lovely daughter of the Duke of Somerset, has just been married to Sir J. Ramsden, the young Yorkshire baronet who owns the land on which every house save one in Huddersfield is built. Sir John has offered fabulous sums for the property, but in vain. The lands belong to an old Quaker; and, on Sir John offering to purchase it from him, he replied: "When strangers ask thee to whom the town of Huddersfield belongs, thou canst say it belongs to thee and me." The baronet offered to give the owner as many sovereigns for the land as would cover the property, when the Quaker inquired: "Wilt thou place them edgewise?" It is perhaps needless for us to state that the baronet declined to place them edgewise, and the ownership of the town of Huddersfield is therefore still divided between Sir John Ramsden and the Quaker.

☞ MEXICO.—The Mexican Republicans, as if they had not work enough on their hands in contending with the Imperialists, are divided on the subject of their presidency. Juarez's term of office expired months ago, but he "holds over," or holds on to an office that we should think he would be glad to be rid of; and Gen. Ortega is believed by many Mexicans to be lawful President. Against Ortega, Juarez has issued a decree of outlawry, and it is supposed that between these two leaders and their parties there would be war were the Imperialists to give up their cause.

☞ There is in the county of Westchester a child of about three years of age, born of respectable parents, and possessing regular and even beautiful features, but whose hands are like fins, and the limbs and lower part of whose body are formed like the tail of a fish. Medical men have for some time been operating on the child with a view of remedying the deformity, but thus far without success.

☞ In London, any person under sixteen is prohibited from driving any sort of vehicle, and any person under fourteen, from having temporary charge of any horse in the streets.

☞ The accidents in London, from carts, wagons, and carriages, are greater in number, and are attended with greater loss of life and limb than all those which happen upon all the railroads in the United Kingdom.

American Garden Seeds.

From the (Boston) "Living Age."

The following extract from an article in the Atlantic Monthly, may convey to our country readers a clearer idea of the extent and details of garden-seed culture, than heretofore entertained. Bloomsdale, the estate referred to, is the seed farm of our friends, David Landreth & Son, of Philadelphia:

"Though our sketch of the present state of horticulture among us is quite imperfect, affording but an indistinct glimpse of the ample field which invites our view, it would scarcely be pardonable, were we to overlook a branch of rural industry, in which horticultural success is interested, and without which the practical pleasures and family comfort of rural homes would be greatly abridged. We refer to garden seed culture. It may be that the purchaser of a paper of seed for the kitchen garden, seldom stops to consider the minute care which has been required to secure its purity; most probably, in many cases, he makes the purchase as though it were the mere product of mechanical skill, which after the machinery is perfected, and the steam-engine has been set in motion, turns out the finished article, of use or ornament, with scarcely an effort of mind to direct its movements. Not so in the production of seeds: many are the hours of watchful care to be bestowed upon it, and stern and unyielding are its demands on the skilled eye and untiring hand. It is because, in some cases the eye is not skilled, and the hand often tires, that so many seeds of more than doubtful worth are imposed upon the market, filling the village cross-road shops with the germs of disappointment. The history of the seed culture in the United States, is not without interest to those who, like many readers of the Atlantic, reside in the quiet country; to every family thus situated, the certainty of obtaining seeds of trustworthy quality—certain to vegetate, and sure to prove true to name—is of more importance than can be appreciated by those who rely upon the city market, and have at all times and seasons ample supplies of vegetables within easy reach. On looking around for some individual establishment, which we may use as a representative of this branch of industry, we naturally turn to Bloomsdale, as the most prominent and widest known of seed farms; and if the reader will join us in a trip thither, we shall be pleased with his company, and perchance he may not wholly regret the time occupied in the excursion. The period we shall choose for the visit is the close of the month of June.

"On a bright day we take our seats in the cars at Jersey City, provided with the talisman to insure an attentive reception. Onward we whirl through fertile fields and smiling villages; Newark, Brunswick, Princeton, are successively passed; shortly we reach the Delaware, at Trenton; a run of a few miles through Penn's Manor, the garden-spot of the Proprietary Governor, brings us to Bristol, the station from which we most readily reach our destination. As we approach the grounds from the front, a prominent object meets the eye, a noble white pine of gigantic proportions, somewhat the worse for many a winter's storm, but which still stands in all its majestic grandeur, as it has stood whilst generations have come and passed away. On entering the premises, we find ourselves in the midst of a lawn of ten acres in the English style. To enumerate the various trees, in groups or single specimens, which most invite our notice, would interfere with the main object of our visit. We have come for a special purpose, and we can only allude to a very few of the species to which our attention may be supposed to be directed. A white spruce, in rich luxuriance, measuring, as the branches trail upon the sward, upwards of sixty feet in circumference; the Himalayan white pine, with its deep fringe-like foliage, twenty-five feet in height; the Cephalonian fir, with leaves as pungent as an Auricaria, twenty feet high, and many specimens of the same kind of nearly equal magnitude; yews, of more than a half century's growth; a purple beech, of thirty feet in height, its branches as many in circumference, contrasting with the green around; numerous specimens of the balm of Gilead, silver firs, and Norway spruces, unsurpassed in beauty or form, the last presenting every variety of habit in which it delights to sport: these are some of the gems of the lawn. But we must hurry onward to the practical business in view.

"The harvest, which in seed culture, lasts for many consecutive weeks, has just commenced. The first important crop that ripens is the turnip—which is now being cut. The work is performed by the use of grass-hooks or toothless sickles; stem after stem is cut, until the hand is full, when they are deposited in canvas sheets; as these are filled, boys stand ready to spread others; men follow to tie up those which have been filled; others succeed, driving teams, and loading wagons, with ample shelvings, with sheetful piled on sheetful, until the sturdy oxen are required to test their strength in drawing them to the drying-houses; arrived there, each sheetful is separately removed by rope and tackle, and the contents deposited on the skeleton scaffolding within the building, there to remain until the seed is sufficiently cured and dry enough to thresh. These drying-houses are buildings of uniform character, two stories in height and fifty feet square, constructed so as to expose their contents to sun and air, and each provided with a carefully laid threshing floor, extending through the building, with pent-house for movable engine. When the houses are full and the hulm in a fit state for threshing, the engine is started and the work begun. One man, relieved by others from time to time (for the labor requires activity, and consequently is exhausting,) feeds the thresher, which, with its armed teeth, moves with such velocity as to appear like a solid cylinder. Here there is no stopping for horses to take breath and rest their weary limbs—puff, puff, onward the work—steam as great a triumph in threshing as in printing or spinning. Men and boys are stationed at the rear of the thresher to remove the straw, and roughly separate the seed from the shattered hulm—others again being engaged in thrusting the dried crop from the scaffolds, and placing it in suitable position for the feeders. When one drying house has thus been emptied, the engine is removed to another; the same process is pursued until the circuit of the buildings has been made, and thus the ceaseless round (ceaseless at least for a season) is continued. As soon as the crop in the first house has been threshed, the work of winnowing is commenced, and skilled hands thus engaged follow on in the track of the engine. As each crop is cleaned and put in merchantable order, it is placed in bags of two bushels each, and carried to the storehouses and graneries, there to await a requisition from the city warehouse.

"We have just witnessed the process of saving the crop of turnip seed. And how much may that reach? is a natural inquiry. Of all the varieties, including the ruta-bage, about one thousand bushels, is the response. We should have thought a thousand pounds would supply the entire Union; but we are reminded it is in part exported to far distant lands. And what is the crop so much like the turnip, but still giddy, and apparently of more vigorous growth? Teat is one of the varieties of cabbage, of which several standard kinds are under cultivation. Another adjoining is radish; still another, beet; and thus we pass from kind to kind, until we have exhausted a long catalogue of sorts.

"Let us stop our walk over the grounds for a few moments, taking seats under the shadow of a tree, and make some inquiries as to the place itself, its extent, the course of culture, the description of manures used, etc. Our cicerone assents to the proposal, and proceeds to answer our general inquiries. Bloomsdale contains, in round numbers, four hundred acres; it has a frontage on the Delaware of upwards of a mile, is bounded on the West by the Delaware Canal, and is divided into two nearly equal parts by the Philadelphia and Trenton Railroad. The soil is a light loam, easily worked, suited to rapid percolation, admitting of labor immediately after heavy rain, and not liable to suffer by drought. The manures used are principally crude, obtained from the city, and landed on the premises from shallops continually plying, laden with the 'sinews of farming.' Street scrapings are more used than stable manure; bone-dust and guano enter largely into the account; and the aggregate annual expenditure foots up a sum almost equivalent to the fee-simple of an ordinary farm. The culture is that denominated drill; but of course much of it is simply straight lines drawn by the plough, in which the roots for seeding are planted by hand.

"The ground, with the exception of the lawn and a portion occupied from time to time by grass for home use, is divided by wagon-roads into squares and parallelograms; cross fences are not used; and each crop forms a distinct feature, accessible at any stage of growth. The several varieties of each kind, as, for instance, those of turnip, cabbage, beet, lettuce, are planted widely apart, to guard against possible admixture; but the chances of that result must be much less than is popularly supposed, efforts having been used experimentally to test its practicability, and that between kindred closely allied, without success. Although the extent of the grounds would appear to be formidable, even for a farm conducted in the usual mode, it is insufficient for the demands on the proprietors, without diligent exertion and prompt re-cropping—two crops in each year being exacted, only a small part of the land escaping double duty, the extent annually ploughed thus amounting to nearly twice the area of the farm. The heavy hauling is performed by oxen, the culture principally by mules, which are preferred to horses, as being less liable to injury, and better adapted to the narrow drill culture practised.

"The seeds of Bloomsdale have attained a world-wide reputation, and, to quote an expression used in reference to them, 'are almost as well known on the Ganges as on the Mississippi or Ohio.' They are regularly exported to the British possessions in India, to the shores of the Pacific, throughout the West Indies, and occasionally to Australia. The drier atmosphere of this country ripens them better than the humid climate of England, adapting them to exportation; and it is no slight triumph to see them preferred by Englishmen on English soil. At home, thousands of hamlets, south and west of Philadelphia, until interrupted by the war, were supplied with Landreths' seeds. The business, founded nearly three-quarters of a century ago, is now conducted by the second and third generations of the family with which it originated. Thus has success been achieved through long and patient industry steadily directed to the same pursuits, and a reputation built up for American seeds, despite the want of national protection."

☞ AN AMUSED QUEEN.—It appears that the Queen of Portugal does not know how to dance the lancers; at the ball, given at the Tuileries, recently, the Emperor and Empress had several times to set her right. Shocking to relate, her Portuguese Majesty is said to have been much amused at her own ignorance.

THE GREAT NEW ENGLAND REMEDY!

DR. J. W. POLAND'S

WHITE PINE COMPOUND,

Is now offered to the afflicted throughout the country, after having been proved by the test of eleven years, in the New England States, where its merits have become as well known as the tree from which, in part, it derives its virtues.

THE WHITE PINE COMPOUND CURES

Sore Throat, Colds, Coughs, Diptheria, Bronchitis, Spitting of Blood, and Pulmonary Affections generally. It is a remarkable Remedy for Kidney Complaints, Diabetes, Difficulty of Voiding Urine, Bleeding from the Kidneys and Bladder, Gravel, and other complaints.

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Sold by Druggists and Dealers in Medicine generally.

GEORGE W. SWETT, M. D., Proprietor, Boston, Mass.
feb10-3m

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THE UNIVERSAL REMEDY

FOR INTERNAL AND EXTERNAL COMPLAINTS!

At this period there are but few of the human race unacquainted with the merits of the Pain Killer; but while some extol it as a liniment, they know but little of its power in easing pain when taken internally, while others use it internally with great success but are equally ignorant of its healing virtues when applied externally. We therefore wish to say to all that it is equally successful whether used internally or externally, and it stands alone, unrivalled by all the great catalogue of Family Medicines, and its sale is universal and immense. The demand for it from India and other foreign countries is equal to the demand at home, and it has become known in those far-off places by its merits—the proprietors have never advertised it or been at any expense in its introduction into foreign lands. mar10-2t

Itch, Itch, Scratch no More.

"Itch" Cures in from 12 to 69 hours. "Tetter"
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Salt-rheum, Scald-head, all Skin Diseases. Price 50 cents. By mail 60 cents. Prepared by DR. SWAYNE & SON, 330 North Sixth Street, Philadelphia. dec2-eow

THE LADY'S FRIEND.

The March number of this magazine is on our table. "The Impending Ruin," a fine and expressive steel engraving, illustrative of a story of the same name, leads off the number. The double colored steel Fashion Plate is a beautiful one, and the dresses are such as ladies of good taste can wear. Then we have engravings of a Carriage-dress, Pelerine, Home-dress, Child's-dress, "Fanchon" Bonnet, &c., &c. The music for this month is the "Richmond Polka." The literary contents are excellent. We may especially note "The Impending Ruin;" A Song by Beatrice Colonna; "Victoria Regina," a story in which the heroine, a beautiful and refined young lady, becoming poor, seeks domestic service, and finds her reward in so doing; Poems by Florence Percy and August Bell; "Rachel Dana's Legacy;" "Zillah;" "The Pastor's Wife;" "At Last," by Mrs. Bella Z. Spencer; "Marrying an Indian, and How I came to do it," a very well told story; Editorials, Fashions, Receipts, &c., &c. We give the following

TABLE OF CONTENTS:

STEEL PLATE—The Impending Ruin.
COLORED FASHION PLATE.
ILLUSTRATIONS:
Carriage Dress—Name in Point Russe—Pelerine with Hood—Black Velvet Muff—Home Dress—Child's Dress—The Mousquetaire Paletot—Name in Satin Stitch and French Knots—"Fanchon" Bonnet—Empire Bonnet—Handkerchief Vignette—Crochet Insertion and Edging—Empire Bonnet in Black Satin—Coiffure a l'Empire—Crochet Imitation of Guipure Lace—Medallions for Insertion in Collars and Sleeves—Insertion.
MUSIC—Richmond Polka.
THE IMPENDING RUIN. (Illustrated.)
SONG. By BEATRICE COLONNA.
WHEN WE WERE YOUNG. By HARRIET OF ALDENLOW.
VICTORIA REGINA. By SOPHIE MAY.
HAVE FAITH. By J. C. T.
DAYS OF MY YOUTH.
PRESENTIMENT. By BARBARA JOHNS.
DECEMBER. By CLARA AUGUSTA.
IF I SHOULD TELL YOU. By FLORENCE PERCY.
BOTH SIDES OF THE WATER. By FRANCES LEE.
TO A STATUE IN A FOUNTAIN. By AUGUST BELL.
RACHEL DANA'S LEGACY. By H. A. HEYDEN.
SPRING FLOWERS.
LOVE'S HISTORY.
ZILLAH. By EMMA B. RIPLEY.
AWAIT. By EMMA M. JOHNSTON.
MORNING CHORUS OF BIRDS.
THE PASTOR'S WIFE By MRS. M. RITCHIE.
THINK OF ME. By MRS. M. F. TUCKER.
AT LAST. By BELLA Z. SPENCER.
MARRYING AN INDIAN; AND HOW I CAME TO DO IT. By MRS. BELLA F. BURTON.
NOVELTIES FOR MARCH. With Illustrations.
EDITOR'S DEPARTMENT.
NEW PUBLICATIONS.
MISCELLANEOUS RECEIPTS.
FASHIONS—Description of Colored Fashion Plate.

Price $2.50 a year; 2 copies $4; 5 copies (and one *gratis*) $10. *Now is the time to get up clubs for* 1866. Specimen numbers for this purpose will be sent for 15 cents. *Wheeler & Wilson's celebrated Sewing Machines are furnished as Premiums in certain cases.* The Prospectus of this magazine for the present year embodies a splendid list of contributors. Address DEACON & PETERSON, 319 Walnut Street, Philadelphia.

THE BEAUTIFUL ART OF ENAMELLING THE SKIN.

HUNT'S FRENCH SKIN ENAMEL whitens the complexion permanently, giving the skin a soft, pearly appearance, removes tan, freckles, pimples, and does not injure the skin. Sent by mail for 50 cents. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 41 South 8th St., Philadelphia. mar4-1y

WORTHY THE ATTENTION OF BOTH MALES AND FEMALES, who are in want of business. The well-known House of S. M. Ward & Co., Manufacturing Jewellers, 206 Broadway, N. Y., wish to establish an AGENCY in every town in the U. S., and in order that the Agent can have a sample to exhibit to their customers, they will send as a sample, on the receipt of $2.00, a genuine Gold Pen (warranted) with Silver Extension Case and Pencil, together with a Wholesale Circular to Agents, and eleven certificates, or a Sample Certificate for 25 cts.

There is no Agent but what can make easily $3 a day, and often $10. feb3-9t

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Persons laboring under this distressing malady will find HANCE'S Epileptic Pills to be the only remedy ever discovered for

CURING EPILEPSY OR FALLING FITS.

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COPPER TIPS protect the toes of children's shoes. One pair will outwear three without tips. Sold everywhere. jan6-17t

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT.—Let facts speak for themselves. *Practice vs. Theory.* To mystify the nature and treatment of disease is the unswerving maxim of the medical profession. To familiarize all classes with its cause and effect, and enable them to subdue it by two essential remedies—Pills and Ointment—has been the unceasing effort of Holloway; now mark the result—the public mind is daily losing confidence in the pretensions of the faculty, on account of its late theoretical dissensions; while, on the other hand, Holloway's Pills and Ointment have found "a local habitation and a name" in every nation of the earth. In rheumatism and all its phases, in neuralgia, glandular swellings, scalds, burns, chilblains, frostbites, &c., the effect of the Ointment is truly marvellous; while in coughs, colds, sore throats, asthma, bronchitis and consumption the cures by the united action of the Pills and Ointment are unquestionable.

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A LADY WHO HAS BEEN CURED OF great nervous debility, after many years of misery, desires to make known to all fellow-sufferers the sure means of relief. Address, inclosing a stamp, MRS. M. MERRITT, P. O. Box 368, Boston, Mass., and the prescription will be sent free by return mail. dec9-10t

MARRIAGES.

☞ Marriage notices must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 22d of Feb., by the Rev. W. T. Eva, Mr. NATHAN FRICK to Miss MARY J., daughter of Henry W. Miller, Esq., both of this city.

On the 6th of Feb., by the Rev. Thos. C. Murphy, WILLIAM W. LIPPINCOTT to LYDIA A. TYRELL, both of this city.

On the 22d of Jan., by the Rev. Alfred Cookman, Mr. EMERSON K. MARTER to Miss SALLIE H. WARDLE, both of this city.

On the 21st of Feb., 1866, by the Rev. J. G. Wilson, V. D. M., Mr. WILLIAM SMITH to Miss MARGARET J. WILSON, both of this city.

On the 22d of Feb., by the Rev. J. H. Kennard, Mr. BENJAMIN S. MCVAUGH to Miss EMMA JACOBY, both of this city.

DEATHS.

☞ Notices of Deaths must always be accompanied by a responsible name.

On the 26th of Feb., Capt. PETER LANE, in his 65th year.

On the 25th of Feb., JAMES WALLACE, in his 21st year.

On the 26th of Feb., JEMIMA S., relict of the late Jesse Thomas, in her 84th year.

On the 24th of Feb., NATHANIEL MARIS, in his 48th year.

On the 24th of Feb., Mrs. ELIZABETH GREEN, in her 70d year.

On the 23d of Feb., ANNA S. ELKINTON, aged 29 years.

On the 22d of Feb., Mr. WILLIAM S. HASKELL, in his 55th year.

LYON'S KATHAIRON.

Kathairon is from the Greek word "Kathro," or "Kathairo," signifying to cleanse, rejuvenate and restore. This article is what its name signifies. For preserving, restoring and beautifying the human hair it is the most remarkable preparation in the world. It is again owned and put up by the original proprietor, and is now made with the same care, skill and attention which gave it a sale of over one million bottles per annum.

It is a most delightful Hair Dressing.
It eradicates scurf and dandruff.
It keeps the head cool and clean.
It makes the hair rich, soft, and glossy.
It prevents the hair from falling off and turning gray.
It restores hair on bald heads.

Any lady or gentleman who values a beautiful head of hair should use Lyon's Kathairon. It is known and used throughout the civilized world. Sold by all respectable dealers.

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This is the most delightful and extraordinary article ever discovered. It changes the sun burnt face and hands to a pearly satin texture of ravishing beauty, imparting the marble purity of youth, and the *distingue* appearance so inviting in the city belle of fashion. It removes tan, freckles, pimples and roughness from the skin, leaving the complexion fresh, transparent and smooth. It contains no material injurious to the skin. Patronized by Actresses and Opera Singers. It is what every lady should have. Sold everywhere.

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We give our agents *exclusive* territory to operate in and pay a liberal percentage.

This work will be sold exclusively by subscription, and will furnish steady employment to good canvassers.

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Dreer's Garden Calendar for 1866

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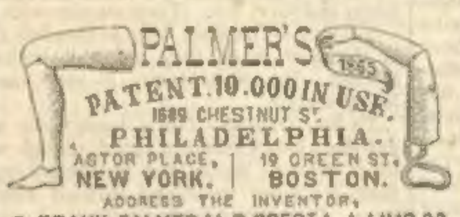

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PATENT APPLIED FOR JUNE 29, 1865.

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SEWING MACHINES,

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These Machines are now sold, with *valuable improvements*, at the following schedule of prices:—

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Every Machine is sold complete with a Hemmer. Nos. 1 and 2 Machines are sold with the new Glass Cloth-Presser, New-style Hemmer and Braider. No. 3 with the Old-style Hemmer.

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Secretary Board of Managers.
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For Wigs, Inches.	*Toupees and Scalps, Inches.*
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" 2.—From forehead over the head to neck.	" 2.—Over forehead as far as required.
" 3.—From ear to ear over the top.	" 3.—Over the crown of the head.
" 4.—From ear to ear round the forehead.	

He has always ready for sale a splendid stock of Gents' Wigs, Toupees, Ladies' Wigs, Half Wigs, Frizets, Braids, Curls, &c., beautifully manufactured, and as cheap as any establishment in the Union. Letters from any part of the world will receive attention.

Private rooms for Dyeing Ladies' and Gentlemen's Hair. no6-eowly

KNOWLEDGE often SAVES LIFE.—Every living being has in his system

IMPURITIES.

When these are within their natural limits, our health is good; but when they are in excess, pains, colds, rheumatism, gout, debility, costiveness, diarrhea, dysentery, erysipelas, &c., &c., afflict us. What we have to do to recover our health is to take out from the BOWELS AND THE CIRCULATION the excess of impurities. This done, health follows of necessity.

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are the only medicine that can do this with entire safety to all the organs of the body.

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HAS BEEN

FOUGHT AND WON

In every State, and City, and Town in the Union, by

CRISTADORO'S HAIR DYE

over all would-be rivals, and the palm of victory is awarded to it for depth and richness of tint, durability, rapidity of action, softening and lubricating properties, and entire freedom from every deleterious or soiling ingredient.

Manufactured by J. CRISTADORO,
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Sold by Druggists. Applied by all Hair Dressers. Price, $1, $1,50 and $2 per box, according to size.

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Is invaluable with his Dye, as it imparts the utmost softness, the most beautiful gloss, and great vitality to the Hair.

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CATARRH, COLD IN THE HEAD, HEADACHE,

Cured in a few hours, without *sneezing*, by JACKSON'S CATARRH SNUFF. Ladies prefer it, as it is *Mild, Pleasant and Elegant* to use. Only 35 cents a box. Sold by Druggists, or sent by mail on receipt of price. Address

COOPER WILSON & CO.,
feb24-2teow Fourth and Wharton, Philada.

WIT AND HUMOR.

On the Letter W.

The vide vorld you may search and my fellow not find,
I dwells in a wacuum, deficient in vind;
In the wisage I'm seen, in the woice I am heard,
And yet I'm inwisible, gives went to no vord;
I'm not much a vag, I'm vanting in vit,
But distinguished in verse for the wolumes I've writ,
I'm the head of all villians, though far from the vurst,
I'm the foremost in wice, though in wirtue the first;
I'm used not to vespons, and ne'er goes to var,
Though in valor, invincible, in victory sure.
The first of all wiands and wittles is mine,
Rich in wenson and weal, but deficient in vine.
To vanity given, I in velvets abound,
But in voman, in vife and in vidow aint found;
Yet conspicuous in virgins—and I'll tell you between us,
To persons of taste, I'm a bit of a Venus;
Let none take me for weal, or for roe in its stead,
For I rank not among the sweet voo'd, von and ved.

Cool.

San Francisco boasts of a saloon called the Bank Exchange, where the finest wines and liquors are dispensed at twenty-five cents a glass, with lunches thrown in free. A plain looking person went in one morning and called for a brandy cocktail, and wanted it *strong*. Mr. Parker, as is usual with him, was very considerate, and mixed the drink in his best style, setting it down for his customer. After the cocktail had disappeared the party leaned over the bar and said that he had no change about him then, but would have soon, when he would pay for the drink. Parker politely remarked that he should have mentioned that fact before he got the drink; when his customer remarked, "I tried that on yesterday morning with one of your men, but he would not let me have the whiskey, so you could not play that dodge on me again!" This was too good for Parker, and he told the customer he was welcome to his drink, and was entitled to his hat in the bargain, if he wanted it.

Hotel Prices in Washington.

The following items may appear slightly exaggerated to those who have not visited the National Capital of late, but a facetious letter-writer in Washington says that he was recently compelled to pay this bill, although the payment reduced him to the extremest penury:

Board and room (three days),	$15.00	
Use of room furniture (extra),	2.50	
Fire (extra),	5.00	
Gas (extra),	2.00	
Use of bedclothes (extra),	3.00	
Drinks,	0.00	
Use of table at meals (extra)	3.00	
Being told "Don't know" (extra),	50	
Being told "Can't say" (extra),	50	
Carrying baggage to and from room (extra),	2.50	
Privileges of spittoons (extra),	1.50	
		$35.50
Add ten per cent. for cash,		4.85
		$40.35

A Cheerful Driver.

Artemus Ward, in describing his journey from California, says:—"The driver with whom I sat outside informed me, as we slowly rolled down the fearful mountain road, which looks down on either side into an appalling ravine, that he has met accidents in his time which cost the California Stage Company a great deal of money, 'because,' said he, 'juries is agin us on principle, and every man who sues us is sure to recover. But it will never be so agin, not with *me*, you bet!' 'How is that?' I said. 'Why, you see,' he replied, 'that corpses never sue for damages, but maimed people do. And the next time I have an overturn, I shall go round and keerfully examine the passengers. Them as is dead, I shall let alone; but them as is mutilated, I shall finish with the king-bolt! Dead folks don't sue. They ain't on it.' Thus, with anecdote, did this driver cheer me up."

Smart Dog.

The town of Astoria, Oregon, can boast of the smartest dog that has been heard from lately, if Van Dusen tells the truth in relation to the doings of his canine. While visiting Tillamook Beach this summer, the dog was troubled very much with fleas, and had become tired of scratching. He was discovered one day hunting around the house for something, and finally picked up a piece of loose soft cotton batting, and started off for the beach with the cotton sticking out of his mouth. He went to the water, slowly backing down into it, and holding his head up so as to keep the cotton dry. The fleas started for his head as the dog kept backing in the water, and finally there was but the cotton out of the water, when suddenly cotton disappeared, and the dog made his appearance minus cotton and fleas. The cotton was picked out of the water, and was found actually alive with fleas. Van says he saw the dog do it—so it must be so.

A Relic.

Not long since a lard, pork, and butter merchant on ——— street had a large iron, conical-shaped machine on the sidewalk in front of his store. Some one, unknown to the proprietor, labeled it, "Torpedo taken from the harbor of Charleston!" Of course a large crowd was assembled around it every day, and various speculations entertained in regard to its destructive power, etc.; one saying it might be loaded, and the sun drying the powder, cause it to explode; another, pointing out to a friend the magazine, touch hole, etc., as he had seen them, and "knew all about 'em." At last the owner one night took off the label, and replaced it with "This Lard Press for Sale," which was what the machine really was—an instrument to press lard into cans. The usual crowd was there in the morning, but did not stay long, as their curiosity was easily satisfied. It is now impossible to find a man who ever went to see the Great Torpedo.

☞ The climax of human indifference has arrived when a woman does not care how she looks.

JONES,
As he appeared when being told that he was "so dreadfully satirical."

Casting Out Devils.

We have a friend, a Methodist preacher, and a jolly fellow he is. He has a large muscular frame, with corpulence to correspond; has a huge hand, with a powerful grip—save us from giving him serious offence if he were a common sinner!—has inexhaustible vitality, and would not be over-delicate in perpetrating a joke, even if it should be a little rough, and has withal a, homeliness which his complexion does not greatly relieve. This friend of ours is an earnest worker, and has a well earned reputation as a revivalist. Some years ago he was holding a meeting at which quite an interest was awakened. A number of persons had come to the mourner's seat, and some had been converted. One evening a group, consisting of two or three young men and as many young ladies, were present, whose object in coming was to have merriment. Our friend the minister having noticed their manœuvres for a while, and thinking it was time they were checked, found his way to them, and addressing himself to the young men, kindly requested them to observe the decorum befitting the place. One of them, whose ideas of politeness were hardly up to the mark, ventured in a rather ungracious manner to reply that they "had understood that miracles were worked there, and they had come to see some performed." Upon this our robust friend, the minister, coolly took the young man by the coat-collar, deliberately led him down the aisle, and, opening the door, without further ceremony landed him outside, quietly remarking, "We do not work miracles here, but we cast out devils!"

Authoresses.

The literary world in the present age seems quite full of authoresses, and as it is understood that lady writers object, upon high moral grounds, to anything but the most kindly criticism, the task of the critics of the day becomes very difficult. After pronouncing against some third-rate novel, which is made up of murders and of moonshine, the critic feels as Diomede must have felt after wounding Venus in the arm. The injured goddess goes moaning about the magazines, and complaining, to every one she meets in print, of the brutal conduct of some reviewer who has ventured to hint that her idea of the law of entail is a little peculiar, or that a curate in weak health is not necessarily the type of manly beauty or grandeur. After suffering and resenting this outrage, she falls back on the sympathy of a less irreverent public, and consoles herself with learning from the country papers and the British gentlewomen's monthly periodicals that her book is the book to go to for all those who want a fresh dewy truth to lay upon the human heart, and that many a weary mourner has to thank her for the gentle grace with which she walks through the chambers of the soul. It is almost impossible to persuade the casual authoress that in the republic of letters there is no distinction of sexes, and that a bad novel in three volumes is not the less a bad one because it has been written by a lady who believes that she has a decided vocation for writing it. Yet the high place occupied in modern literature by names like those of Madame Sand, or Miss Austen, or George Eliot proves that when women really write well the world is perfectly ready to acknowledge it.—*English Journal.*

AGRICULTURAL.

Cosmo's Column.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

DEATH IN THE POT.

Ay—and in the skillet, dripping, frying pan, and best smoked Bologna sausages, too; if we are to believe one-tenth of all the outcry the public press and private *sweats* are raising against *pork*. We must of necessity believe some of it; enough to make us particularly careful in our diet of swine's flesh, we ought to believe. It is safer to do so, or persisting in our infidelity, one of these days we may find ourselves in the deplorable condition of the wicked Roman Tetrarch—our flesh "eaten alive with worms."

Seriously, there is great danger in indulging in the habitual use of pork in any form whatever as a diet. We are not going to argue here that all pork is diseased or unwholesome, though two-thirds of all the chops, steaks, roasts, hams and sausages we eat may be both, and we none the wiser for it. There is actually a great deal of pork and material made from pork eaten that is wholly unfit to eat. Very few persons are provided with the means of detecting danger lurking in a nice ham, a nice inviting cut of prime pig pork, or a few links of savory country sausages. And there are just as few who are careful to boil, bake or fry their pork until it is thoroughly—wholesomely done. If we are determined to feed in part on *hydatids*, let us by all means have our worms cooked to *kill*.

Any piece of pork we happen to purchase in the market *may* be infested with atomic *Les Miserables*, and neither the vender or ourselves aware of their presence. We have been experimenting with pound pieces of pork purchased on nine consecutive market days, the result being that in two of the nine samples, when subjected to a microscopic test, we found *hydatids* present in considerable numbers, and a few in one of the other samples. Of course, those samples were sent "to the dogs;" but had we been driven by some necessity to swallow a single mouthful of that pork-and-worm mixture, it should have been so cooked first that those worms should never by any possibility have made any further developments.

Of the more than two hundred varieties of *Cestoids* that live, breed, feed and fatten in the intestines, vitals, flesh, muscles, brain and blood of vertebrated animals, about thirty have fixed upon humanity as their especial feeding field.

The manner in which some of these terrible pests run their round of existence is simply this: Let us take the most usual form in which the scourge appears in pork. The eggs are taken into the stomach of the animal in some foul food, hatching in the intestines. In their first change, the larvæ are provided with a cutting apparatus, by means of which they deftly cut their way into both veins and arteries, and are drifted by the blood hither and thither into every part of the animal system, where in a few days they undergo the second transformation, becoming *hydatids*, and in the hog, making what is called "measly pork," though pork may be, and very frequently is, dangerously *measly*, without the least indication of anything wrong about it, unless the microscopic test is carefully applied.

Both the perfect cestoid and its eggs abound in pork thus diseased, and as the vitality of the egg is not destroyed by either salting or smoking the meat—not even by ordinary boiling, roasting or frying always, the consequence is they are swallowed alive in swallowing pork, and run their round of life again in our system, precisely as their predecessors have done in the swine—only unfortunately for us, we are not slaughtered and marketed every year or two, as swine are, thus compelling the cestoids to be "born again," and so they go on indefinitely, swimming in shoals in our blood, revelling in our liver, rioting in our brain, clogging our joints, causing excruciating agony, lingering torture, and finally bringing us down as surely as the curculio drops from the branch the pierced plum.

Depend upon it, there are a great many more people, men, women and children, sent out of this world by *worms*, than the majority of mankind are aware of.

GIVE US OUR DAILY BREAD.

And by all means let us have daily the very best bread that is to be made—not that which is leavened and made light by any process of fermentation. We have bidden our last goodby to that kind of material, after applying a microscopic test of twelve hundred diameters power to a loaf of our nicest, newest yeast baking, and finding forty odd per cent. of good food material metamorphosed into *fungi*—"toad stools," if you please, by fermentation, and thus rendered not only unfit for food, but absolutely poisonous in degree.

We are particularly attached to good, pure mushrooms, but always detested toad stools, and finding forty per cent. of the very best fermented bread we could make, presented in the form of *fungi*, we were in a dilemma. Perhaps we should have discarded bread entirely, but for the timely suggestion of our friend, Dr. G., who simply said, "*Azumes*."

We had no definite idea what azumes was, and have not yet, beyond the fact that it produces the very best bread, cakes, pie crusts, puddings, and all sorts of pastry without fermentation that we have ever seen. As it is cheaper than any other material we have ever used, always prepared, and obviates the tedious old fashioned "mixing" and kneading of dough, saves the hour or two, sometimes three, required for yeast-made bread to rise, and destroys no particle of the food properties of the flour, our honest conviction is that the public ought to be advised where to get and how to use the material. Here are two receipts in which it is used, the value of which we can fully endorse:

BREAD.

Take one quart, or one and a half pounds of wheat flour, mix with it *dry*, three teaspoonsful of Azumes—dissolve sufficient salt in enough cold water to mix the flour into a dough as soft as can be conveniently handled—a trifle less than a pint of water will be about the rule. Do not knead it. Shape very lightly, and bake at once in a quick oven, all but before you begin to mix. Such bread will be fresh, moist, and—very good bread when four days old.

CORN CAKE.

One pint each of flour and Indian meal, and three teaspoonsful of Azumes, all well sifted together. Add a gill of molasses, two beaten eggs—mix thin with milk, and bake slowly till done. That makes a capital corn cake.

The material is sold by all first-class grocers everywhere, and manufactured by E. Mockridge & Co., 62 North 4th street, Philadelphia, and 102 Warren street, New York. And beyond this we are not advised.

GO AFTER THE WORMS.

As a very large per cent. of all sorts of orchard and every description of fruit pests and plagues lie hidden during the winter in the pupa or larvæ form a few inches below the surface, under and about fruit trees, the month of March and early in April is a most capital season to turn them out of house and home—capital for the fruit-grower—very bad for the bugs and worms.

Go out at every available opportunity, armed with spade, hoe, mattock, or whatever implement you can easiest turn over the turf or delve up the dirt with, and spade, dig, turn up as much of the surface under the trees as you can find time for. These embryo plagues in the larvæ state, coiled up in their earthern sockets undisturbed, will endure any amount of freezing and thawing out. But just turn them outdoors once, and one slight freezing will finish them up effectually.

Besides cutting off a million or so of incipient destructionists, you will have conferred a benefit upon your fruit trees that they will repay with compound interest another season.

RECEIPTS.

Original.

SWEET BISCUIT.

Two pounds of flour, 1 pound of sugar, 2 tablespoonsful of butter, a teaspoonful of soda dissolved in a cupful of milk or buttermilk.

JUMBLES.

Eight eggs, 3 pounds of flour, 2 pounds of sugar, 1 pound of butter, beat the butter to a cream, then add the sugar, then the eggs well beaten, and lastly the flour. To be made into a dough and cut out in cakes.

WASHING SOAP.

Dissolve 1 pound of soda and ½ a pound of hot lime in 1 gallon of boiling water; next dissolve 1 pound of sliced hard soap in 2 quarts of boiling water; when cool, mix them together. This forms a compound for washing superior to any of the washing fluids and patent soaps now in use.

BREAKFAST OR TEA BISCUIT.

One pint well raised bread dough, 1 egg, and a piece of butter the size of an egg, well worked in; cut the biscuits, let them rise an hour or two before baking.

INDIAN MEAL FRIED CAKES.

One pint of sour milk, a small teaspoonful of saleratus, a little salt, 2½ coffee cups of fine Indian meal. Mix all together, then drop from a spoon into hot lard, and then let them boil until a nice brown.

DOUGHNUTS.

One cup of milk, one teacup full of shortening, 2 of sugar, 1 of yeast, 3 eggs, well beaten, 2 teaspoonsful of cinnamon, 1 of salt, and put flour enough to make it stiff, then roll out and cut according to fancy, and fry in hot fat.

S. A. D.

Selected.

PARSNIPS are to be well washed and rubbed, but not scraped. Boil them from an hour to two hours, according to their size, and try them with a fork. They are nice with pork. When done split them in half, dredge with flour, and fry a nice brown. Serve hot.

CARROTS are plain boiled and require as much cooking as parsnips; pour drawn butter over them, and serve hot. They are nice with beef.

TURNIPS.—The Ruta Baga or Swedish Turnip, is the best, when they are well boiled and mashed. The white turnip is very nice with boiled mutton.

TO BOIL ONIONS.—Peel a dozen white onions, put them into a stew-pan broad enough to hold them without laying one on the other, cover them with hot water, and sprinkle some salt over. Let it simmer slowly for one hour and a half, then drain off all the water, and pour over half a pint of good cream or new milk, and just let it scald. Serve hot.

EGG PLANT.—Slice the egg plant an eighth of an inch in thickness, pare it and sprinkle salt over it an hour before cooking; then drain off all the water, beat up the yolk of an egg, dip the slices first in the egg, and then in crumbs of bread; fry a nice brown. Serve hot and free from fat.

STEWED MUSHROOMS.—Select fresh button mushrooms. The test if they are good is to drop a silver spoon in the saucepan while they are cooking: if they are the right kind the spoon is untarnished, if not it becomes blackened. Put them into a saucepan, with salt and a very little water, and let them simmer slowly; when nearly done, add butter and a little pepper. Serve hot.

TOMATOES STEWED.—Pour boiling water on as many tomatoes as are required to be cooked; skin them, take out the seeds, put the pulp and juice into a tinned or porcelained saucepan, with a little salt, and set them in a hot place to cook slowly for three hours; when nearly done, stir in butter, and a very little grated cracker or bread crumbs; some persons like them better without either; when very acid, a little sugar is an improvement, but nothing else, as it is important to retain the tomato flavor.

CRANBERRIES STEWED FOR MEATS AND POULTRY.—Pick and wash 1 quart of cranberries, pour them into a cullender to drain, then put the berries into a tinned or porcelained saucepan, but no water, excepting that which remains on them from washing; mix through when in the saucepan ½ of a pound of light brown sugar, then cover tightly, and set them in the oven to cook slowly. When quite done, they will be soft, then put them in a mould to cool, and if prepared as directed, they will be jellied when turned out. They are necessary with poultry, pork and mutton.

THE RIDDLER.

Scriptural Enigma.

1. The name which Absalom his daughter gave.
2. The name of him who Jericho rebuilt.
3. The Hittite from whom Abraham bought a cave.
4. The town where all the nobles' blood was spilt.
5. What king Jehoiachin from prison freed?
6. Who kept Paul prisoner to please the Jews?
7. Who ministered to Paul in his great need?
8. One who to Peter entrance did refuse.
9. Who from his dungeon Jeremiah drew?
10. The town where Amaziah fled in vain.
11. The Moabitish king whom Ehud slew.
12. The town in which Abimelech was slain.
13. What prophet fled in vain to save his life?
14. A son who perished for his father's sin.
15. A churl who had a wise and prudent wife.
16. Who bravely fought his promised wife to win?
17. The town whence Baasha over Israel reigned.
18. What Jew was beaten in a public place?
19. The place where Jacob one whole night remained.
20. Who died on hearing of his sons' decease?
21. The valley where Goliath David smote.
22. The isle whence John his Revelation wrote.

This text incites us all
A closer watch to keep
To guard our faith: the Bridegroom comes
Sometimes the while we sleep.

Geographical Anagrams.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am dear!	A last wrench.
Corn heap.	No sad hint.
Clean rio.	Win red lane!
O! sob cat.	Bold army.
Hen's wire bed.	O! send that "lush."
Late morn.	The lanes.
No sir! a man.	Lime bug.

S. H. G.

Cubical Box Question.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I have 3 planks, which together will make 30 square feet and 114 square inches, plain surface, fit timber ready to be joined, and each plank 3 inches in thickness. (That is the outside upper surface of the planks; not being multiplied by the thickness as is sometimes done to bring lumber into board measure.) Of these I wish to make myself a strong cubical box, as large as I possibly can without occasioning any waste in the timber, and with bottom and lid of the same stuff. What can be the outside measure of each side of the box? And how many bushels of measured grain will the said box when made hold; provided it is true that a Winchester bushel contains 2150 2-5 cubical inches?

AUGUSTUS.

☞ An answer is requested.

A Ball Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There are two balls of equal weight and size, one gold, the other silver; the silver one so plated with gold, that no chemical or other scientific test can possibly discover which is gold or which silver. How is the discovery to be made by a simple mechanical process? Will the readers of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST hunt out the solution? COSMO.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

There is a tract of land lying in the shape of a trapezium, which measures from the first to the second corner 328 perches; from the second to the third corner 400 perches; from the third to the fourth corner 200 perches; from the fourth to the first corner 320 perches, and the diagonal from the first to the third corner measures 312 perches. It is desired to divide this tract into two equal parts by the shortest possible straight line. Required—the length and position of the dividing line.

ARTEMAS MARTIN.

Franklin, Venango co., Pa.

☞ An answer is requested.

Mathematical Problem.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

Two men 40 miles apart start simultaneous to meet. The speed of one per hour equals in miles the square root of the distance over which he has passed; the speed of the other is 8 miles per hour. In what time will they meet?

GILL BATES.

☞ An answer is requested.

Conundrums.

☞ With what letters should poets and historians write? Ans.—E E (ease.)

☞ What letter is more than a yard long? Ans.—An L (ell.)

☞ What length ought a lady's crinoline to be? Ans.—A little above two feet.

☞ Why is paying a bill and intending to pay it the same thing? Ans.—It is pay meant (payment.)

☞ What lover-like speech would an empty purse make if it could speak? Ans.—You will find no change in me.

☞ At what hour did the devil make his appearance in the Garden of Eden? Ans.—Sometime during the night. He certainly came after Eve.

Answers to Last.

ENIGMA—Enigmas, Riddles, and Conundrums. ENIGMA—Virginia F. Townsend. CHARADE—Wheat, (heat—eat—hat—hew—what.) DOUBLE REBUS—Hudson and Thames, (hat—Uriah—Diana—Sam—one—Naples.

Answer to MATHEMATICAL PROBLEM by Artemus Martin Jan. 6th,—base 74.4483 perches; perpendicular 42.9828 perches; hypothenuse 85.9656 perches. Artemas Martin.

Answer to A. Martin's PROBLEM of Jan. 13th—5-14. Artemas Martin, and J. M. Greenwood.

Answer to Gill Bates's PROBLEM of Jan. 20th—36 oxen. Gill Bates, Morgan Stevens, William Bucklew, Henry R. Spinx.